

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 3. Just as my hand was on the door of my room, I heard Sir Percival's voice calling to me from below.

"I must beg you to come down stairs again," he said. "It is Fosco's fault, Miss Halcombe, not mine. He has started some nonsensical objection to his wife being one of the witnesses, and has obliged me to ask you to join us in the library."

I entered the room immediately with Sir Percival. Laura was waiting by the writing-table, twisting and turning her garden hat uneasily in her hands. Madame Fosco sat near her, in an arm-chair, imperturbably admiring her husband, who stood by himself at the other end of the library, picking off the dead leaves from the flowers in the window.

The moment I appeared, the Count advanced to meet me, and to offer his explanations.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said. "You know the character which is given to my countrymen by the English? We Italians are all wily and suspicious by nature, in the estimation of the good John Bull. Set me down, if you please, as being no better than the rest of my race. I am a wily Italian and a suspicious Italian. You have thought so yourself, dear lady, have you not? Well! it is part of my wiliness and part of my suspicion to object to Madame Fosco being a witness to Lady Glyde's signature, when I am also a witness myself."

"There is not the shadow of a reason for his objection," interposed Sir Percival. "I have explained to him that the law of England allows Madame Fosco to witness a signature as well as her husband."

"I admit it," resumed the Count. "The law of England says, Yes—but the conscience of Fosco says, No." He spread out his fat fingers on the bosom of his blouse, and bowed solemnly, as if he wished to introduce his conscience to us all, in the character of an illustrious addition to the society. "What this document which Lady Glyde is about to sign, may be," he continued, "I neither know nor desire to know. I only say this: circumstances may happen in the future which may oblige Percival, or his representatives, to appeal to the two witnesses; in which case it is certainly desirable that those

witnesses should represent two opinions which are perfectly independent the one of the other. This cannot be if my wife signs as well as myself, because we have but one opinion between us, and that opinion is mine. I will not have it cast in my teeth, at some future day, that Madame Fosco acted under my coercion, and was, in plain fact, no witness at all. I speak in Percival's interests when I propose that my name shall appear (as the nearest friend of the husband), and your name, Miss Halcombe (as the nearest friend of the wife). I am a Jesuit, if you please to think so—a splitter of straws—a man of trifles and crotchets and scruples—but you will humour me, I hope, in merciful consideration for my suspicious Italian character, and my uneasy Italian conscience." He bowed again, stepped back a few paces, and withdrew his conscience from our society as politely as he had introduced it.

The Count's scruples might have been honourable and reasonable enough, but there was something in his manner of expressing them which increased my unwillingness to be concerned in the business of the signature. No consideration of less importance than my consideration for Laura, would have induced me to consent to be a witness at all. One look, however, at her anxious face, decided me to risk anything rather than desert her.

"I will readily remain in the room," I said. "And if I find no reason for starting any small scruples, on my side, you may rely on me as a witness."

Sir Percival looked at me sharply, as if he was about to say something. But, at the same moment, Madame Fosco attracted his attention by rising from her chair. She had caught her husband's eye, and had evidently received her orders to leave the room.

"You needn't go," said Sir Percival.

Madame Fosco looked for her orders again, got them again, said she would prefer leaving us to our business, and resolutely walked out. The Count lit a cigarette, went back to the flowers in the window, and puffed little jets of smoke at the leaves, in a state of the deepest anxiety about killing the insects.

Meanwhile, Sir Percival unlocked a cupboard beneath one of the bookcases, and produced from it a piece of parchment folded, longwise, many times over. He placed it on the table, opened the last fold only, and kept his hand on

the rest. The last fold displayed a strip of blank parchment with little wafers stuck on it at certain places. Every line of the writing was hidden in the part which he still held folded up under his hand. Laura and I looked at each other. Her face was pale—but it showed no indecision and no fear.

Sir Percival dipped a pen in ink, and handed it to his wife.

"Sign your name, there," he said, pointing to the place. "You and Fosco are to sign afterwards, Miss Halcombe, opposite those two wafers. Come here, Fosco! witnessing a signature is not to be done by mooning out of window and smoking into the flowers."

The Count threw away his cigarette, and joined us at the table, with his hands carelessly thrust into the scarlet belt of his blouse, and his eyes steadily fixed on Sir Percival's face. Laura, who was on the other side of her husband, with the pen in her hand, looked at him, too. He stood between them, holding the folded parchment down firmly on the table, and glancing across at me, as I sat opposite to him, with such a sinister mixture of suspicion and embarrassment in his face, that he looked more like a prisoner at the bar than a gentleman in his own house.

"Sign there," he repeated, turning suddenly on Laura, and pointing once more to the place on the parchment.

"What is it I am to sign?" she asked, quietly.

"I have no time to explain," he answered. "The dog-cart is at the door; and I must go directly. Besides, if I had time, you wouldn't understand. It is a purely formal document—full of legal technicalities, and all that sort of thing. Come! come! sign your name, and let us have done as soon as possible."

"I ought surely to know what I am signing, Sir Percival, before I write my name?"

"Nonsense! What have women to do with business? I tell you again, you can't understand it."

"At any rate, let me try to understand it. Whenever Mr. Gilmore had any business for me to do, he always explained it, first; and I always understood him."

"I dare say he did. He was your servant, and was obliged to explain. I am your husband, and am *not* obliged. How much longer do you mean to keep me here? I tell you again, there is no time for reading anything: the dog-cart is waiting at the door. Once for all, will you sign, or will you not?"

She still had the pen in her hand; but she made no approach to signing her name with it.

"If my signature pledges me to anything," she said, "surely, I have some claim to know what that pledge is?"

He lifted up the parchment, and struck it angrily on the table.

"Speak out!" he said. "You were always famous for telling the truth. Never mind Miss Halcombe; never mind Fosco—say, in plain terms, you distrust me."

The Count took one of his hands out of his belt, and laid it on Sir Percival's shoulder. Sir Percival shook it off irritably. The Count put it on again with unruflled composure.

"Control your unfortunate temper, Percival," he said. "Lady Glyde is right."

"Right!" cried Sir Percival. "A wife right in distrusting her husband!"

"It is unjust and cruel to accuse me of distrusting you," said Laura. "Ask Marian if I am not justified in wanting to know what this writing requires of me, before I sign it?"

"I won't have any appeals made to Miss Halcombe," retorted Sir Percival. "Miss Halcombe has nothing to do with the matter."

I had not spoken hitherto, and I would much rather not have spoken now. But the expression of distress in Laura's face when she turned it towards me, and the insolent injustice of her husband's conduct, left me no other alternative than to give my opinion, for her sake, as soon as I was asked for it.

"Excuse me, Sir Percival," I said—"but, as one of the witnesses to the signature, I venture to think that I *have* something to do with the matter. Laura's objection seems to me to be a perfectly fair one; and, speaking for myself only, I cannot assume the responsibility of witnessing her signature, unless she first understands what the writing is which you wish her to sign."

"A cool declaration, upon my soul!" cried Sir Percival. "The next time you invite yourself to a man's house, Miss Halcombe, I recommend you not to repay his hospitality by taking his wife's side against him in a matter that doesn't concern you."

I started to my feet as suddenly as if he had struck me. If I had been a man, I would have knocked him down on the threshold of his own door, and have left his house, never, on any earthly consideration, to enter it again. But I was only a woman—and I loved his wife so dearly!

Thank God, that faithful love helped me, and I sat down again, without saying a word. She knew what I had suffered and what I had suppressed. She ran round to me, with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh, Marian!" she whispered softly. "If my mother had been alive, she could have done no more for me!"

"Come back and sign!" cried Sir Percival, from the other side of the table.

"Shall I?" she asked in my ear; "I will, if you tell me."

"No," I answered. "The right and the truth are with you—sign nothing, unless you have read it first."

"Come back and sign!" he reiterated, in his loudest and angriest tones.

The Count, who had watched Laura and me with a close and silent attention, interposed for the second time.

"Percival!" he said. "I remember that I am in the presence of ladies. Be good enough, if you please, to remember it, too."

Sir Percival turned on him, speechless with

passion. The Count's firm hand slowly tightened its grasp on his shoulder, and the Count's steady voice quietly repeated, "Be good enough, if you please, to remember it, too."

They both looked at each other. Sir Percival slowly drew his shoulder from under the Count's hand; slowly turned his face away from the Count's eyes; doggedly looked down for a little while at the parchment on the table; and then spoke, with the sullen submission of a tamed animal, rather than the becoming resignation of a convinced man.

"I don't want to offend anybody," he said. "But my wife's obstinacy is enough to try the patience of a saint. I have told her this is merely a formal document—and what more can she want? You may say what you please; but it is no part of a woman's duty to set her husband at defiance. Once more, Lady Glyde, and for the last time, will you sign or will you not?"

Laura returned to his side of the table, and took up the pen again.

"I will sign with pleasure," she said, "if you will only treat me as a responsible being. I care little what sacrifice is required of me, if it will affect no one else, and lead to no ill results—"

"Who talked of a sacrifice being required of you?" he broke in, with a half-suppressed return of his former violence.

"I only meant," she resumed, "that I would refuse no concession which I could honourably make. If I have a scruple about signing my name to an engagement of which I know nothing, why should you visit it on me so severely? It is rather hard, I think, to treat Count Fosco's scruples so much more indulgently than you have treated mine."

This unfortunate, yet most natural, reference to the Count's extraordinary power over her husband, indirect as it was, set Sir Percival's smouldering temper on fire again in an instant.

"Scruples!" he repeated. "Four scruples! It is rather late in the day for you to be scrupulous. I should have thought you had got over all weakness of that sort, when you made a virtue of necessity by marrying me."

The instant he spoke those words, Laura threw down the pen—looked at him with an expression in her eyes, which, throughout all my experience of her, I had never seen in them before—and turned her back on him in dead silence.

This strong expression of the most open and the most bitter contempt, was so entirely unlike herself, so utterly out of her character, that it silenced us all. There was something hidden, beyond a doubt, under the mere surface-brutality of the words which her husband had just addressed to her. There was some lurking insult beneath them, of which I was wholly ignorant, but which had left the mark of its profanation so plainly on her face that even a stranger might have seen it.

The Count, who was no stranger, saw it as distinctly as I did. When I left my chair to join Laura, I heard him whisper under his breath to Sir Percival: "You idiot!"

Laura walked before me to the door as I advanced; and, at the same time, her husband spoke to her once more.

"You positively refuse, then, to give me your signature?" he said, in the altered tone of a man who was conscious that he had let his own licence of language seriously injure him.

"After what you have said to me," she replied, firmly, "I refuse my signature until I have read every line in that parchment from the first word to the last. Come away, Marian, we have remained here long enough."

"One moment!" interposed the Count, before Sir Percival could speak again—"one moment, Lady Glyde, I implore you!"

Laura would have left the room without noticing him; but I stopped her.

"Don't make an enemy of the Count!" I whispered. "Whatever you do, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

She yielded to me. I closed the door again; and we stood near it, waiting. Sir Percival sat down at the table, with his elbow on the folded parchment, and his head resting on his clenched fist. The Count stood between us—master of the dreadful position in which we were placed, as he was master of everything else.

"Lady Glyde," he said, with a gentleness which seemed to address itself to our forlorn situation instead of to ourselves, "pray pardon me, if I venture to offer one suggestion; and pray believe that I speak out of my profound respect and my friendly regard for the mistress of this house." He turned sharply towards Sir Percival. "Is it absolutely necessary," he asked, "that this thing here, under your elbow, should be signed to-day?"

"It is necessary to my plans and wishes," replied the other, sulkily. "But that consideration, as you may have noticed, has no influence with Lady Glyde."

"Answer my plain question, plainly. Can the business of the signature be put off till to-morrow—Yes, or No?"

"Yes—if you will have it so."

"Then, what are you wasting your time for, here? Let the signature wait till to-morrow—let it wait till you come back."

Sir Percival looked up with a frown and an oath.

"You are taking a tone with me that I don't like," he said. "A tone I won't bear from any man."

"I am advising you for your good," returned the Count, with a smile of quiet contempt. "Give yourself time; give Lady Glyde time. Have you forgotten that your dog-cart is waiting at the door? My tone surprises you—ha? I dare say it does—it is the tone of a man who can keep his temper. How many doses of good advice have I given you in my time? More than you can count. Have I ever been wrong? I defy you to quote me an instance of it. Go! take your drive. The matter of the signature can wait till to-morrow. Let it wait—and renew it when you come back."

Sir Percival hesitated, and looked at his watch.

His anxiety about the secret journey which he was to take that day, revived by the Count's words, was now evidently disputing possession of his mind with his anxiety to obtain Laura's signature. He considered for a little while; and then got up from his chair.

"It is easy to argue me down," he said, "when I have no time to answer you. I will take your advice, Fosco—not because I want it, or believe in it, but because I can't stop here any longer." He paused, and looked round darkly at his wife. "If you don't give me your signature when I come back to-morrow—" The rest was lost in the noise of his opening the book-case cupboard again, and locking up the parchment once more. He took his hat and gloves off the table, and made for the door. Laura and I drew back to let him pass. "Remember to-morrow!" he said to his wife; and went out.

We waited to give him time to cross the hall, and drive away. The Count approached us while we were standing near the door.

"You have just seen Percival at his worst, Miss Halcombe," he said. "As his old friend, I am sorry for him and ashamed of him. As his old friend, I promise you that he shall not break out to-morrow in the same disgraceful manner in which he has broken out to-day."

Laura had taken my arm while he was speaking, and she pressed it significantly when he had done. It would have been a hard trial to any woman to stand by and see the office of apologist for her husband's misconduct quietly assumed by his male friend in her own house—and it was a hard trial to *her*. I thanked the Count civilly, and led her out. Yes! I thanked him: for I felt already, with a sense of inexpressible helplessness and humiliation, that it was either his interest or his caprice to make sure of my continuing to reside at Blackwater Park; and I knew, after Sir Percival's conduct to me, that without the support of the Count's influence, I could not hope to remain there. His influence, the influence of all others that I dreaded most, was actually the one tie which now held me to Laura in the hour of her utmost need!

We heard the wheels of the dog-cart crashing on the gravel of the drive, as we came out into the hall. Sir Percival had started on his journey.

"Where is he going to, Marian?" Laura whispered. "Every fresh thing he does, seems to terrify me about the future. Have you any suspicions?"

After what she had undergone that morning, I was unwilling to tell her my suspicions.

"How should I know his secrets?" I said, evasively.

"I wonder if the housekeeper knows?" she persisted.

"Certainly not," I replied. "She must be quite as ignorant as we are."

Laura shook her head doubtfully.

"Did you not hear from the housekeeper that there was a report of Anne Catherick having been seen in this neighbourhood? Don't you think he may have gone away to look for her?"

"I would rather compose myself, Laura, by not thinking about it, at all; and, after what has happened, you had better follow my example. Come into my room, and rest and quiet yourself a little."

We sat down together close to the window, and let the fragrant summer air breathe over our faces.

"I am ashamed to look at you, Marian," she said, "after what you submitted to down stairs, for my sake. Oh, my own love, I am almost heart-broken, when I think of it! But I will try to make it up to you—I will indeed!"

"Hush! hush!" I replied; "don't talk so. What is the trifling mortification of my pride compared to the dreadful sacrifice of your happiness?"

"You heard what he said to me?" she went on, quickly and vehemently. "You heard the words—but you don't know what they meant—you don't know why I threw down the pen and turned my back on him." She rose in sudden agitation, and walked about the room. "I have kept many things from your knowledge, Marian, for fear of distressing you, and making you unhappy at the outset of our new lives. You don't know how he has used me. And yet, you ought to know, for you saw how he used me to-day. You heard him sneer at my presuming to be scrupulous; you heard him say I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him." She sat down again; her face flushed deeply, and her hands twisted and twined together in her lap. "I can't tell you about it, now," she said; "I shall burst out crying if I tell you now—later, Marian, when I am more sure of myself. My poor head aches, darling—aches, aches, aches. Where is your smelling-bottle? Let me talk to you about yourself. I wish I had given him my signature, for your sake. Shall I give it to him, to-morrow? I would rather compromise myself than compromise you. After your taking my part against him, he will lay all the blame on you, if I refuse again. What shall we do? Oh, for a friend to help us and advise us!—a friend we could really trust!"

She sighed bitterly. I saw in her face that she was thinking of Hartright—saw it the more plainly because her last words had set me thinking of him, too. In six months only from her marriage, we wanted the faithful service he had offered to us in his farewell words. How little I once thought that we should ever want it at all!

"We must do what we can to help ourselves," I said. "Let us try to talk it over calmly, Laura—let us do all in our power to decide for the best."

Putting what she knew of her husband's embarrassments, and what I had heard of his conversation with the lawyer, together, we arrived necessarily at the conclusion that the parchment in the library had been drawn up for the purpose of borrowing money, and that Laura's signature was absolutely necessary to fit it for the attainment of Sir Percival's object.

The second question, concerning the nature

of the legal contract by which the money was to be obtained, and the degree of personal responsibility to which Laura might subject herself if she signed it in the dark, involved considerations which lay far beyond any knowledge and experience that either of us possessed. My own convictions led me to believe that the hidden contents of the parchment concealed a transaction of the meanest and the most fraudulent kind.

I had not formed this conclusion in consequence of Sir Percival's refusal to show the writing, or to explain it; for that refusal might well have proceeded from his obstinate disposition and his domineering temper alone. My sole motive for distrusting his honesty, sprang from the change which I had observed in his language and his manners at Blackwater Park, a change which convinced me that he had been acting a part throughout the whole period of his probation at Limmeridge House. His elaborate delicacy; his ceremonious politeness, which harmonised so agreeably with Mr. Gilmore's old-fashioned notions; his modesty with Laura, his candour with me, his moderation with Mr. Fairlie—all these were the artifices of a mean, cunning, and brutal man, who had dropped his disguise when his practised duplicity had gained its end, and had openly shown himself in the library, on that very day. I say nothing of the grief which this discovery caused me on Laura's account, for it is not to be expressed by any words of mine. I only refer to it at all, because it decided me to oppose her signing the parchment, whatever the consequences might be, unless she was first made acquainted with the contents.

Under these circumstances, the one chance for us, when to-morrow came, was to be provided with an objection to giving the signature, which might rest on sufficiently firm commercial or legal grounds to shake Sir Percival's resolution, and to make him suspect that we two women understood the laws and obligations of business as well as himself.

After some pondering, I determined to write to the only honest man within reach whom we could trust to help us discreetly, in our forlorn situation. That man was Mr. Gilmore's partner—who conducted the business, now that our old friend had been obliged to withdraw from it, and to leave London on account of his health. I explained to Laura that I had Mr. Gilmore's own authority for placing implicit confidence in his partner's integrity, discretion, and accurate knowledge of all her affairs; and, with her full approval, I sat down at once to write the letter.

I began by stating our position to him exactly as it was; and then asked for his advice in return, expressed in plain, downright terms which we could comprehend without any danger of misinterpretations and mistakes. My letter was as short as I could possibly make it, and was, I hope, unencumbered by needless apologies and needless details.

Just as I was about to put the address on the envelope, an obstacle was discovered by Laura,

which, in the effort and preoccupation of writing, had escaped my mind altogether.

"How are we to get the answer in time?" she asked. "Your letter will not be delivered in London before to-morrow morning; and the post will not bring the reply here till the morning after."

The only way of overcoming this difficulty was to have the answer brought to us from the lawyer's office by a special messenger. I wrote a postscript to that effect, begging that the messenger might be despatched with the reply by the eleven o'clock morning train, which would bring him to our station at twenty minutes past one, and so enable him to reach Blackwater Park by two o'clock at the latest. He was to be directed to ask for me, to answer no questions addressed to him by any one else, and to deliver his letter into no hands but mine.

"In case Sir Percival should come back to-morrow before two o'clock," I said to Laura, "the wisest plan for you to adopt is to be out in the grounds, all the morning, with your book or your work, and not to appear at the house till the messenger has had time to arrive with the letter. I will wait here for him, all the morning, to guard against any misadventures or mistakes. By following this arrangement I hope and believe we shall avoid being taken by surprise. Let us go down to the drawing-room now. We may excite suspicion if we remain shut up together too long."

"Suspicion?" she repeated. "Whose suspicion can we excite, now that Sir Percival has left the house? Do you mean Count Fosco?"

"Perhaps I do, Laura."

"You are beginning to dislike him as much as I do, Marian."

"No; not to dislike him. Dislike is always, more or less, associated with contempt—I can see nothing in the Count to despise."

"You are not afraid of him, are you?"

"Perhaps I am—a little."

"Afraid of him, after his interference in our favour to-day!"

"Yes. I am more afraid of his interference, than I am of Sir Percival's violence. Remember what I said to you in the library. Whatever you do, Laura, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

We went down stairs. Laura entered the drawing-room; while I proceeded across the hall, with my letter in my hand, to put it into the post-bag, which hung against the wall opposite to me.

The house door was open; and, as I crossed past it, I saw Count Fosco and his wife standing talking together on the steps outside, with their faces turned towards me.

The Countess came into the hall, rather hastily, and asked if I had leisure enough for five minutes' private conversation. Feeling a little surprised by such an appeal from such a person, I put my letter into the bag, and replied that I was quite at her disposal. She took my arm with unaccustomed friendliness and familiarity; and instead of leading me into an empty

room, drew me out with her to the belt of turf which surrounded the large fish-pond.

As we passed the Count on the steps, he bowed and smiled, and then went at once into the house; pushing the hall-door to after him, but not actually closing it.

The Countess walked me gently round the fish-pond. I expected to be made the depositary of some extraordinary confidence; and I was astonished to find that Madame Fosco's communication for my private ear was nothing more than a polite assurance of her sympathy for me, after what had happened in the library. Her husband had told her of all that had passed, and of the insolent manner in which Sir Percival had spoken to me. This information had so shocked and distressed her, on my account and on Laura's, that she had made up her mind, if anything of the sort happened again, to mark her sense of Sir Percival's outrageous conduct by leaving the house. The Count had approved of her idea, and she now hoped that I approved of it, too.

I thought this a very strange proceeding on the part of such a remarkably reserved woman as Madame Fosco—especially after the interchange of sharp speeches which had passed between us during the conversation in the boat-house, on that very morning. However, it was my plain duty to meet a polite and friendly advance, on the part of one of my elders, with a polite and friendly reply. I answered the Countess, accordingly, in her own tone; and then, thinking we had said all that was necessary on either side, made an attempt to get back to the house.

But Madame Fosco seemed resolved not to part with me, and, to my unspeakable amazement, resolved also to talk. Hitherto, the most silent of women, she now persecuted me with fluent conventionalities on the subject of married life, on the subject of Sir Percival and Laura, on the subject of her own happiness, on the subject of the late Mr. Fairlie's conduct to her in the matter of her legacy, and on half a dozen other subjects besides, until she had detained me, walking round and round the fish-pond for more than half an hour, and had quite wearied me out. Whether she discovered this, or not, I cannot say, but she stopped as abruptly as she had begun—looked towards the house door—resumed her icy manner in a moment—and dropped my arm of her own accord, before I could think of an excuse for accomplishing my own release from her.

As I pushed open the door, and entered the hall, I found myself suddenly face to face with the Count again. He was just putting a letter into the post-bag.

After he had dropped it in, and had closed the bag, he asked me where I had left Madame Fosco. I told him; and he went out at the hall door, immediately, to join his wife. His manner, when he spoke to me, was so unusually quiet and subdued that I turned and looked after him, wondering if he were ill or out of spirits.

Why my next proceeding was to go straight

up to the post-bag, and take out my own letter, and look at it again, with a vague distrust on me; and why the looking at it for the second time instantly suggested the idea to my mind of sealing the envelope for its greater security—are mysteries which are either too deep or too shallow for me to fathom. Women, as everybody knows, constantly act on impulses which they cannot explain even to themselves; and I can only suppose that one of those impulses was the hidden cause of my unaccountable conduct on this occasion.

Whatever influence animated me, I found cause to congratulate myself on having obeyed it as soon as I prepared to seal the letter in my own room. I had originally closed the envelope, in the usual way, by moistening the adhesive point and pressing it on the paper beneath; and, when I now tried it with my finger, after a lapse of full three-quarters of an hour, the envelope opened on the instant, without sticking or tearing. Perhaps I had fastened it insufficiently? Perhaps there might have been some defect in the adhesive gum?

Or, perhaps—No! it is quite revolting enough to feel that third conjecture stirring in my mind. I would rather not see it confronting me, in plain black and white.

I almost dread to-morrow—so much depends on my discretion and self-control. There are two precautions, at all events, which I am sure not to forget. One of them is, to keep up friendly appearances with the Count; and the other to be well on my guard, when the messenger from the office comes here with the answer to my letter.

TURKISH PRISONS.

ONLY last night I was miles away, in a lonely bay of the Sea of Marmora, listening to the boatmen's self-encouraging shout of "Allah!" and watching the sea boil into white dripping fire, as the strong oars dipped simultaneously in the phosphorescent water. To-day I am safe in Galata, drinking Scotch ale for luncheon, at a downright British store, and discussing Burns's songs with a discontented Glasgow man, Mac Phair, who is a humorist upon compulsion, and famous for his "wut" (among his countrymen). Suddenly an Armenian porter comes for me from the Bank, and, going there, I find Grimani, the dragoman to the Kamtschatka embassy, and Dr. Opinkoff, the Russian doctor, a blunt, kindly, sagacious man, and my special ally in the land of turbans. They are holding a great palaver about the state of the Turkish prisons, and the necessity of some reform. Dr. Opinkoff and Grimani are just setting out for the Bagnio, the prison of the galley slaves, the horrid den of wickedness so vigorously depicted in that oft-read novel of my youth, *Anastasis*, to the truth of which clever book every resident in the East has testified. The doctor is obliged to pay a periodical visit to this hell upon earth, to report upon any Russian subject who

has had the misfortune to fall into its terrible jaws. Grimani, as a dragoman, is obliged to accompany him, to help him to converse with the prisoners. Will I, as a searcher for truth, even in dark places, favour them with my company? I shall see what prisons were at home, two hundred years ago, and understand what Howard has done for England. Of course I will go, in spite of vermin or fever.

Off we went, hiring the *kijik* of "Pull away Joe," a well known old Turk, much patronised during the Crimean war; who, grinning perpetually at us, and continually repeating the different imaginary sums he expected to get, and which, put into piastres, would have gone a good way towards buying a sheep, soon lauded us in water, black as the Thames, from the disemboguing sewers of the prison, at the steps nearest to the Bagnio, and close to the Arsenal, where (as in all other arsenals) timber was being dragged about, and adzes were splitting and chipping it. Dr. Opinkoff was telling me at the time how many stabbing cases he had among the Turks and the Greeks, and how specially dangerous and past surgery these knife wounds generally were, being always aimed with dreadful, bloodthirsty, anatomical instinct.

"When they strike they make sure," said the doctor, with a sort of professional approval, a little checked by his moral convictions not quite going all the way with him; "they go straight for the heart, and generally find out where it is." Then, assuming a confidential and chatty whisper, he went on talking of the prison diseases. "We have elephantiasis here, low fevers, and a good deal of insanity. The Turkish practice is wretched; nothing but burning verses of the Koran, and then making the ashes into medicine. I have known a pasha call in six doctors, consult them all separately, and take all their medicine, mixed together in a basin."

Here the prison gates opened, and Grimani went up to get leave of the pasha, who was smoking in some snug kiosk, undisturbed by the curses and quarrels of the galley slaves, or the purgatorial clink of their heavy chains. We waited in a vestibule between the palisaded gates, the turnkeys swinging their keys upon their fingers, while Grimani the stalwart, with the bearing of a Crusader, strode off with his heavy whip under his arm, more as if he was going to bastinado the pasha than to beg a favour of him, and load him with flowery Eastern compliments.

Here, on strolling out to chat under the shade of a large, jagged leafed plane-tree (favourite tree of the Turks) that stood on the shores of the Bosphorus, not far from the prison gate, Dr. Opinkoff prepared me for what I should see, as he could not, he said, tell his companion a prisoner's crimes before his face, or in the transit from one part of the prison to another.

I was not to expect trim iron doors, neat turnkeys, shining clean floors, and quiet, separate cells, as in Europe. This was a prison of the middle ages, such as Shakespeare had sketched in his *Measure for Measure*. Here the prisoners

of all crimes, and all ages, were thrown together in one festering heap of vice and misery, to be tried when this pasha chose, and if acquitted, to be released when that pasha found time to write out his release.

"I should see," Dr. Opinkoff went on, "pashas of rank herding with men who had committed murders which only Omniscience could count up. Either here or at the Zaptie, a temporary prison only, there was a pasha who was seized last week for forging (*keiman*) Turkish bank-notes. Did I see that grave gentlemanly man now leaning against the bars?"

I did.

"Well, that is a feverish subject, a patient of mine, once a pasha of high rank, but he robbed a government courier of a large sum of money, which his official position gave him opportunities of knowing was to be sent on a certain day from the capital to some distant pashalik. His accomplice was a sort of steward of his. Perpetually afraid of being betrayed, he could not rest night or day till he had got rid of this instrument of his guilt. At last, having the steward seized, accusing him of some imaginary crime, he had him kept three days in a dry well (like Joseph—so unchangeable are Eastern types), and then sold him as a slave into Circassia. There, he would have pined out a miserable life, had not Fortune chosen the poor slave as a special subject for her bounty, and had not the avenging angel selected the guilty and too confident pasha as a sinner peculiarly ripe for the sword of Justice. By some singular chance, the 'destiny,' as the Turks call it, of the slave, led him and his master down to Trebizond, where, while working on the quay, he was seen and interrogated by an old Constantinople friend, who was astonished at seeing one alive whom he had thought dead. Horrified at his story, the good Turk hurried home to Stamboul to disclose all, and procured the restoration of the innocent sufferer and the punishment of the guilty pasha. You will see my patient next week in rags chained by the leg, or playing at cards with some half-crazed desperado."

So we chatted under a plane-tree, but to us thus chatting, not forsaken by the gods, came swift-footed Grimani, and with winged words, said:

"Come, look alive, you fellows! It's all right with the pashaw. Come!"

So we entered the portal where Hope never enters, but sits weeping day and night, clinging to the outer bars. While I was thinking how "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate*" (Leave every hope behind, ye who enter here!) would look in Turkish, and wondering how Dante's being a Turk would have affected his Divine Comedy, the turnkeys ground open the locks with a brutal smile, and we entered the inner court.

"Febrons, febrons!" growled the doctor, sniffing the thick air of the turnkeys' room as we passed the portal and found ourselves among some two or three hundred wondering wretches, the very leas and dregs of the Sick Man's city.

The turnkeys at first kept them back from us, by penning them up within a space, along the edge of which the warders kept running backwards and forwards, like sheep-dogs along the wall of a sheepfold when the hurdles are taking up. The ruffians—some, but few, unchained—fell back, as if we had lopped at their necks with sabres.

Beyond this heaving, restless, half-aggressive herd I could see, in the distant yard, outside sheds, or seated on logs of arsenal timber, unkempt Abhorsons, wrinkled treachery and murder lurking in their eyes, cheating each other at greasy and almost illegible cards; others (old men), pipe in mouth, trying to snatch pleasure from drones and drowzes of short sleep, tormented by the bystanders, or derided by the thievish mocking youth of the prison.

"Where's mad Costanji?" cried Grimani the stalwart, making gestures for the loathsome crowd to stand back to give us room to breathe: just as a shepherd would call to his dog to single out a special foot-rotted sheep: or as Charon might be supposed, from the pale trembling crowds of dead, to pick out one who has waited long for the first seat in his Stygian barge.

The crowd parted, as the mob of a ballet might part, to let the première danseuse swivel down between its files; they made a lane, with grins and nudges and wicked merriment and sham respect, as if a pasha were going to sail through them in his Damascus silks and turban of gold tissue. The mad Costanji limped through—a squalid gaunt Greek, old and lame, with a great iron bracelet round his ankle, fastened to a cumbrous chain with tremendous links, hammered round his bony waist. Madness brooded in his eyes, clotted ragged hair hung about his pale craving hungry face. I saw in this butt of the Bagno, a fierce fanatic of strong passions, and with a sleeping tiger in his blood. Costanji was a murderer by instinct, habit, and inclination. The fanaticism of a debased and animal Church had persuaded him that, doing these murders, was doing God's work. As he limped forward and showed the sores which the rubbing of the chain had caused, and pointed whinily (for the tiger was dead asleep now) to the thin greasy rags that hung over his gaunt limbs, Dr. Opinkoff drew me on one side and reassured my mind.

"Take care," he said, "for there is a good deal of fever always among these men. The drainage is open, and they are badly fed—only a piastre a day if they choose to work, which, if they earn it, is not always paid."

Leaving the doctor to bluffly chide and restrain the noisy crowd, and to refuse or grant the petitions of some dozen thieves and murderers, Grimani turned to me, and, speaking low and in English, said:

"This mad Costanji is always here; he was in once, for five years, then again for fifteen, now he is in for nine, and will probably die in chains. He is certainly mad, and, at all events, very dangerous. No one knows how many men he

has killed. He is here now, for stabbing three men on the great Greek feast last Epiphany, down the Bosphorus. They have a custom at that time, I believe, of throwing a cross into the sea, and a fight ensued in the water for the cross; some would pull it out, others would have it in. Upon this, Costanji, as usual, went mad, and killed his three men."

"What about his leg, doctor?"

"The fellow's bone is rotten," said the doctor, bending down and pinching Costanji's knee-cap and shin; the poor scoundrel gave a dreadful scream, and went clinking off into his shed, at which all the galley slaves yelled with delight.

"Where is that rogue who is in for burning houses?" said Grimani, sternly, to the crowd. A dozen hoarse voices, a laugh still groundswelling in them, called out that he was sick somewhere. Half a dozen born parasites, long out of work, ran to search for him in the upper rooms of the shamble stables that the prisoners sleep in.

"Is Walsh here?" inquired the doctor.

"No, thanks be to Allah! In the Zapatie," cried the villain chorus, bursting into a debauched laugh, as if Walsh were some comedian whose very name turned up the corners of the mouth.

"Is that an Englishman?" I asked, sympathisingly.

"Indeed he is," said Opinkoff, "and as troublesome as ten of our Russians. He is the pest of the place, and talks like a parrot."

"Ah! Massa Walsh he *do* talk—talk deblish," said a grinning Nubian in the front row.

"Hold your tongue, Mustapha," growled a turnkey, who then whispered to me, the whites of his eyes still turning to the crowd, "Be on your guard, Chilibi, for these villains sometimes mob you. There are more than three hundred of them, and those chains are heavy enough to brain a man."

"Yes, only last week," said the doctor, "they got up a plot hereto break loose and murder all the keepers, as they have done before, and the affair was only found out at the last moment. Katergee, the Smyrniote chief who is chained to a post in that last shed there, was at the bottom of it. These men are quite free inside the walls; they may smoke, talk, play at cards, fight, work, or not, as they like. Don't let that Maltese fellow touch you, or you will go away richer than you came. But here comes the Bulgarian with the low fever."

This time the crowd did not divide; but Grimani, led by a little Albanian (in for stealing a watch), brought us forward, followed by the seething scum of the crowd, to the dark door of one of the stable-like sheds.

We waited, but no one came. There was much talking among the prisoners. At last a pert, effeminate-looking Cephalonian man, in for "nothing"—the usual crime in prisons—was pushed forward as spokesman, and said that Balashan was too ill to come down, he was upstairs in one of the top rooms; would we go up?

Grimani made a step forward.

"Don't you go," said the doctor, slapping his

hand on his shoulder, "you'll come out covered—and the place is a nest of fever. Here, you fellows (in Turkish), let the man be brought down! I say, do you hear? Look alive! Let the man be brought down! Who's going up there?"

Half a dozen cowed murderers ran to do the doctor's errand. The bolder, more selfish and more shameless, stayed to see the fun.

"Here's the Bulgarian, by George!" cried the doctor, shading his eyes with his hand to enable him to penetrate the deep, dark gloom of the stable, and to see the sick man and his supporters advance.

And, by George! as the doctor said, there he was. Oh, that I had the pen of Sterne and the heart of my best friend, to enable me to describe the horrors of that sight! How pale, how wan, how woe-begone, how many fathoms below the last glimpse of hope, was that wretched creature's face, as they led him, like a Lazarus from the cave, towards the blessed light that flows like a visible blessing through God's world! Poor Lazarus! Had the knife of instant death been in our hands, could he have looked more sadly and beseechingly at us? He was wrapped in a thick, dirty capote, and bloody bandages of a dull red were round his brow and jaws. He could not stand unsupported, but leaned groaning in the arms of two stalwart smiling thieves, who seemed rather pleased at the important part they had to play in the day's performances.

By means of an interpreter—also in for "nothing"—the doctor asked his patient his symptoms; the poor fellow was so weak, he could hardly put out his tongue; he feebly groaned out the statement of his case.

"Take him back," said the doctor, professionally (only) hardened; "he won't live; it is only weakness, nothing but weakness. I can't do anything for that man." Then, appealingly to the galley slaves: "How *can* I do anything for that man? He's dying; take him back and leave him alone—quiet!"

Grimani, who shouldered back the mob, and looked rather grand and dragomanish—which is worse even than donnish—shouldered his heavy hippopotamus whip.

"Now, let us take you to see the great Smyrniote robber, Yeni Katergee," said Grimani, ploughing a way to the further building, whose black door we entered.

The robber stood unflinching, chained to the post of one of the stalls which divided a long stable into separate sleeping bins. He was short and thick-set, and seemed totally indifferent to his fate; he smiled as we entered, and bowed to Grimani. That stalwart, indomitable man, was Katergee, the robber chief of Smyrna, the idol of the Greeks of Asia Minor, who looked upon him as a sort of Robin Hood patriot, hostile only to Turks. He was originally a courier, which in the East means postman, carrier, agent, and commercial traveller. He had a train of horses, and was entrusted with piles of piastres and sacks of purses. He had had some education, and was always honest and trustworthy, but

some pasha robbed him; he became poor and an outcast; from want and revenge he took to the road, hoping, perhaps, to collect ransoms enough from Smyrniote merchants dragged up to the mountains, to escape to Greece, and there live as a country gentleman. He must have collected large sums, for his contemporary, Simos, used to ask five hundred pounds (six thousand piastres) for the release of a prisoner. Katergee surrendered at last, on the clear understanding that he should be made an officer in the Turkish army: an employment which, no doubt, he would have bravely and honestly performed. Of course, this act of injustice and treachery will for years prevent any robber chief coming down from the Smyrna mountains to surrender himself. There, Prometheus-like, chained to that post at the entrance of the dirty stall, fenced off from the next, he stood, with unbroken spirit, sending messages to Ismail Pasha, and other old enemies of his, that he will one day escape, and that the first thing he will look after, will be their heads. The Turks fear him, for, though chained, he is the king of the Bagnio.

"You have looked long enough at that thick-set, smiling ruffian, who shrugs his shoulders when I tell him he is here for life," said Grimani, suddenly snapping round at me. "I will tell you the sort of men we have here; there is a coffee-house-keeper from Smyrna among that horrible crowd of wretches; he and his waiter were suspected of murdering a money-changer who lived opposite to his shop. The pasha (a Greek by birth) determined to discover the crime, and went to work with relish. All that could be learnt from the waiter was, that he had seen his master with two bags of gold. The pasha said nothing, but sent one evening to the prison to borrow an antique signet-ring of the casgee to compare with one of his own. This ring, sent to the casgee's wife, induced her to give up the specified gold. Next day the pasha shows the casgee the gold, and tells him that the waiter has confessed everything. The casgee, outwitted, becomes enraged with the servant, and tells all. He confesses that the money-changer had been, like several others, murdered, and buried under the coffee-house floor. The two men were not executed, because the dead man's heirs accepted the price of blood; but they were sent to the Bagnio—to be released probably as soon as they can bribe some pasha."

No man is put to death in Turkey unless he has been seen to commit the capital crime. The men I stood among were, literally, men condemned to death, but imprisoned only. Yet, physically, the wretches are not ill-treated; they need not even work unless they like. The court is small, and so is the two-storied stable where they sleep on the earth; but then these are men who perhaps never got between sheets, nor lay on a bed in their lives. They may talk what they like, and when they like. They have a mosque, a Greek chapel, and a Roman Catholic chapel. They can have coffee and tobacco, and if they work, they are supposed to be paid for it. There is no

treadmill, no crank, there are no solitary cells. Close to them is the Arsenal, where they work, and where the Sultan has a pleasure kiosk paved with marble, and shadowed with planes. Half the prisoners are Greeks, and, according to Admiral Slade and other thoughtful and reliable authorities, are generally led to crime—particularly murder—by the fiery raki sold in the spirit-shops, kept by English subjects in defiance of Mohammedan law. Altogether, it is a sorry sight to see these murderers pigging together unpunished, unimproved, rotting there, till released by earthly corruption, or by the great liberator, Death.

As I turned to leave the modern Prometheus—whom, for some touches of greatness in him, I could not help pitying, in spite of some old freaks of his with boiling oil, and the panie he spread among Smyrniote merchants—I caught a glimpse of the dim Greek chapel which is placed at the end of a long passage of this horrible prison. It was just a breath of blue incense—a glint of light on the cord that held a faint yellow oil-lamp, that struggled with the darkness—an instant's glitter on some gilded pictures of saints—and again the darkness hid it from my eyes, in the heavy night of despair that gloomed over the chained and torpid murderers. Those glimpses, even of a superstitious faith, came to me as kind words have come in moments of suffering. They came to me as gentle flowers seen smiling amid an Arctic winter.

Before anything more could be seen, we all agreed that we must recruit our forces. The doctor and the dragoman both knew of a certain confectioner's near the Sublime Porte (an actual gateway), where one might find refreshment. After some painful experience of broken pavement, rough as a torrent bed, we reached the shop, and, seated on low stools, were waited on by a black slave, who emerged from a back oven cellar where he and his master were tormenting a fire and forcing it to do their bidding upon certain sugared almonds.

Recruited with cherry sherbet, Grimani, armed with about a yard of "rahat likoum" (lumps of delight), stuffed with pistachio-nuts, and the doctor's pocket filled with scorched nuts, we made straight for the Zaptie, or second prison of Stamboul, and arrived, in a few streets, at the door of the "house of detention" as the Turkish word *Zaptie* means.

A few whispers at a grating, the unbolting of a door, and we are in the prison. We pass up a long passage, like the path to a livery stable, through a double door, overlooked by high walls, with barred apertures; where, I believe, female prisoners once were detained. So we reach the inner portal.

It is a dim vaulted-over doorway, dark beyond all reach of sunlight. It is barred up to the roof with huge wooden bars, enclosing between them a sort of square room, where the turnkeys sit and smoke, and where tobacco-sellers come and display their goods to the prisoners; this place opens by small wickets, on one side, to the court-yard of the

prison: on the other side, to the entrance passage I have just mentioned.

In this dismal giant's cage, such a crate as an ogre might have kept his Christian knights in to fatten against feast-day, were two or three tame prisoners of high rank, and an itinerant dealer or two, carelessly bragging of his goods, and alternately singing scraps of Greek songs, and stuffing packets of saffron tobacco through the wooden bars, as a young lady feeds her canary-bird with eleemosynary lumps of sugar. A few dirty sabres, hung up, were the only indications of guard or endurance, though the bars certainly gave the place rather a wild-beast character.

I scarcely know who the favoured prisoners were, who were sharing the turnkey's prerogatives with quite a Machiath dignity, though without the rollicking cavalierishness of that highwayman: some pasha, for counterfeiting state papers, I think, and some morally illogical man, who had stolen something so grand that it made a sort of state prisoner of him. As for the turnkeys, they were more Turkish and dressing-gowny than those of the Bagiao. No white trousers here, no barrack-cleaned sabres, no close-fitting red fezes with bunched blue tassels; rather, a general sponging-house laxity and Arabian Nightishness; rather the air of an amateur prison than of a government stronghold; where all the lees of Stamboul were dughilled up into one reeking mass of infamy.

Does any reader remember a legend of some early saint—one of those good men and vivacious historians, who furnished our story-books for many centuries with Jack the Giant-Killer wonders—which relates how a wicked hermit, let down through some Irish cavern into the infernal regions, was kept there a day in a golden cage, guarded by angels, while the devils of every region of sin howled at him through the bars, and clawed in at him, and poked at him, but all in vain, with red-hot pitchforks, till night came, and the white angels led him away again in the darkness, to sneak to his hermit cell and vegetable soup, a better and a leaner man?

Well, something like that caged bird of a saint I felt, as I stood in that probationary paddock, shut in like a Smithfield prize ox, and stared at by those hideous Turkish faces, now mocking at us, now threatening us; the foreman (a wretch with a sore mouth and one eye) occasionally pointing at us, then turning round and shouting some joke, which made the mob of thieves and murderers roar again, like a band of laughing hyenas arranging a night attack on an Arab encampment.

Now, at a signal, the big bolts grind back, the wicket opens narrowly—cautiously—and a rush of the turnkeys drives back the villainous crowd, and they are shut within a second enclosure: the door of which is kept by a gaunt gigantic negro, who, with stern cruel eyes, and laughing hideous mouth, chides and scolds the rabble into silence, and stands, with the handle of the latch in his hand, ready to let out any special prisoner we choose to call for.

I was anxious, naturally, to know if any Eng-

lishman were confined there: knowing how hopeless a prison must be where a beggar suffers the same fate as a murderer, and where the term of confinement depends on the caprice and memory of a selfish and ignorant pasha. The moment I had asked the question, a hearty cheery voice called out, in a slight Irish brogue, from the very midst of the crowd, and a bare arm waved a signal.

"And sure I am here, your honour; only let me come to ye."

Before the doctor could well exclaim with a look of vexation and horror "Oh, that's Walsh!" the voice exclaimed again:

"It's me—yes, Patrick Walsh, docthor—unjustly detained by these thaving Turks."

"Let him out," said the doctor, with the faint voice of a man yielding to a necessary annoyance, and half angry with me for expressing a purposeless and ignorant compassion.

The crowd clove asunder, and, breasting it like an audacious swimmer, and pushing aside, in an injured way, the sturdy black warder, stepped Walsh out before us into the free court-yard.

His step was light and free as William Tell's (on the stage), and his bearing innocently bold, almost impudent. In dress, Walsh something resembled Robinson Crusoe, for he had nothing on his body but a tindery, ragged pair of trousers, and a chain that he carried ingeniously, to lighten the weight, on his right shoulder. He was a fine-grown, athletic young man, say of five-and-thirty, with a fresh, brown, manly, frank face (how I dread your affectedly frank man!), square wedge of a red beard; clear, grey, rather staring eyes, and a cleverly put on air of a deeply wronged being. As he loquaciously began a history of his grievances, thrown dramatically into the form of questions, the doctor turned away, shrugging his shoulders: as a traveller does when the shower sets in, fixed and pitiless.

"English subject? In course I am, and, what is more, a Britishman born, though my pereants is far away in the British Indies, and one of them is in Canada in Americay. Please the honourable gentleman (and rest his soul in heaven and his children's after him!), all I want, your worship, is to know what I'm in here for, and let me tell you there's spies, — spies in this prison, for five of us were sent to the galleys only last week for fighting, or some nothing of that sort—curse them! Father in Heaven, if—"

"Stop that villain's tongue," cried the doctor, suddenly pushing forward to confront his old bugbear, and disdaining all my expressions of sympathy. "I'll tell you what you are in for, Walsh. You have been a sailor, and you left your vessel, as I suspect; you are also a runaway soldier of the 93rd, from Corfu. The Turkish authorities found you a vagabond, suspected of thievingly loitering in the streets, and they transported you to Malta; from Malta you ran away, and came back here to lead the old life."

"Oh, be asy, sir! Docthor—"

"The fact is, Walsh, you gave us all up, and determined to turn Turk, so we left you with

the Turks, and this is what they have done for you."

"Turk! Is it me Turk? Turk is it?" screamed Walsh, putting on such a stare of innocent surprise and frank astonishment, that it beguiled me. "What have I done? They've never told me. Oh, docthor, ship me off again to join my pereants in the British Indies, and, bedad, you'll never set eyes on me more."

"Walsh, you are a bad fellow, and one of the devil's own, I fear," said the doctor, as, at a Rhadamanthus signal, the great black hustled the runaway sailor through the portal. Talking his loudest and impudentest, Walsh was again lost amid the waves of scum that seethed and tossed behind the palisading, every third man now struggling to get to the front and present his verbal petition. Talk of Hope never passing the prison gate, as I foolishly said but now! Why, Hope, I see, lives in a prison, and no winged angel visits it half so often.

I shuddered to see in the front rank a little pale Circassian boy about twelve years old, in for picking pockets in the bazaars. A dreadful squinter now calling out to us that he was a Zante man, the doctor said to me, "That man's eye must be punctared—he's got bad— (some dog Latin name). I will see to that. Mind, Alishan, I do. What about that Walsh—what can be done with him?" continued he, turning sharp round in his kind, brusque way on Grimani.

Grimani burst out at this, worse than the doctor, who had only pretended to be truen-lent.

"He is one of our 'abandoned,'" he said, foamily; "we have given him up—we wash our hands of him. (Here typical and suitable gestures.) He would be a Turk—let the Turks have him. Only last week, Father O'Mally went to him, and told him if he got once more away, never to return. 'Won't I, bedad?' says he; 'there are more ways than one here of getting a livelihood.' I say, let him rot in prison, doctor."

A little, weak man's cry of "Inglis subjeek!" at this moment caught our ears, and broke off the conversation.

"Let him out, Ali!" cried Grimani, sternly, after his official manner.

He tripped out: a little Greek cobbler: perhaps from Zante, or the currant-fields of melancholy Cephalonia. He stuck himself oratorically before us, and exclaimed, in a loud injured voice, "Inglis subjeek!"

We put to that intrepid little man of the Zaptie, many questions, to which he thus simply but boldly replied:

"Which of the islands do you come from?"

"Inglis subjeek."

"What are you in here for, my man?"

"Inglis subjeek."

"How long have you been here?"

"Inglis subjeek."

"Don't you know any more English than that?"

"Inglis subjeek."

"What language do you speak?"

"Inglis subjeek."

"Get away!"

"Inglis subjek."

His predominant idea was, that repeating those two talismanic words would somehow or other release him from his durance. At intervals, for some time after, the piping little voice, crushed by the stronger mob, kept repeating, "Inglis subjek."

"Oh! He comes from Salonica," said Grimani, referring to a list, "and is in for arson and murder. He wants a good bastinadoing; that would quiet him."

Grimani (who was late for dinner) thought we had seen enough, and now assumed an air of disgust at the interest felt by the doctor and myself in such wretches. The doctor smiled at his impatience, and said, "No, Grimani. I am not going till I have seen more of the sanitary state of the prison where five hundred and sixty men are confined. Turnkey, show me that little room under the stairs, some eleven feet by seven, where the twelve men sleep."

We went there. O what a torture-room for sleep!

On emerging from the Zaptie, we passed across to the Turkish police courts, where rows of shoes at every curtained door indicated the exact number of prosecutors within; thence, we went with Dr. Opinkoff to the thieves' hospital, where a chatty Italian physician received us with as much cordiality as if we had been patients suffering under some hopeless and profitable disease. The rooms were mean as those of the poorest English cottage, but they were clean and business-like, and everything was decently marshalled and ordered. He led us upstairs to the wards—mere small cottage bedrooms—talking to us the jargon of Molière's physicians, which in Constantinople passes for Frank learning. We visited all the beds, we looked to see if this hemorrhage had stanchied, and whether that one's bandages wanted renewing.

In the next room, we stopped to talk with a poor German sailor, who was sitting up in bed, reading Luther's noble translation of the Testament.

"Armer Preusser," he said, when I asked him what part of Deutschland he came from. Poor fellow, he was only in for begging: a profession that has had respectable men in it, though it is difficult to realise a large fortune by the calling.

"Ah! fifty years ago," said Herne Bey that night to me, as we walked by starlight on the lead roof of Misseri's Hotel, "I have heard friends of mine, now dead (rest their souls!), say that the Bagnio you saw this morning was horrible indeed. At that time, it had two divisions, one for Turkish galley slaves waiting to be sent on board the fleet, the other for the general criminals of the city and pashaliks. There, you found Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and gipsies; four or five religions, and a dozen nations, had their representatives there. There, under the dreadful rule of Achmet Reis, a liberated galley slave and chief inspector, you found thievish beggars, homicides, fraudulent bankers, quack doctors, robbers, cheating tradesmen, Greek pirates,

disgraced servants, all groaning under a common torture. Then, at a word of complaint, the turnkeys would run in and fell a culprit with their clubs or load him with fresh chains."

So spoke Herne Bey, that wise Frank whom Turkey has admitted to her councils. Like other Orientalised Englishmen, I must, however, remark that he is easily pleased with a country he seems determined to like; the next time I saw him, when I began to say that Turkish prisons must be reformed, he said:

"My dear fellow, learn to take things more quietly. I call the Bagnio a very comfortable place."

CERES AT DOCKHEAD.

THEY who see deified mortals in the ancient gods of Greece and Rome tell us that Ceres had a bakehouse, and first taught the art of making bread. Her mystic basket was, no doubt, the bread-basket in which she was accustomed to send out her loaves. But they were not the Romans who first deified her. The Romans got their bread, as well as their gods, their science, and their poetry, from Greece. It was not bread that built up and sustained the noblest Romans of them all. The idea of bread was not among the things conquered to herself by Rome until the war with Persens, King of Macedon. Romulus and Remus, the kings that followed them, Coriolanus, Cincinnatus, Regulus, never ate bread. Rome was more than five centuries old before its people learnt of the Greeks how loaves were made, and escaped from the reproach of being a "pulse-eating nation."

The knowledge passed from Rome into her provinces of Southern Europe, but it did not pass northward so easily. Rye cakes, baked twice a year, served, until very lately, as chief representative of bread in Sweden; barley bannocks and oat cake long remained the staff of life in villages in Scotland. Gottenburg, the first harbour and the second town of Sweden, contained, fifty years ago, twelve thousand inhabitants. A captain then ordered of a baker of the town twenty shillings' worth of bread, and the astonished man asked for security that the loaves would be all paid for before he would consent to execute the order, as if they were left upon his hands it would be impossible to find a sale for them.

Bartholinus, however, an old Danish physician, whom the Jews may credit if they will, says that in some parts of Norway there was made a sort of bread that would keep forty years or more. And this, he says, is a great convenience, because when a man has earned enough, he bakes bread for the whole remainder of his life, and lives ever after in peace and security, regardless of the times of scarcity and dearth. Such bread is of barley and oats, kneaded together, baked between two stones. When new it is nearly tasteless, but the older it grows the nicer it gets, so that in these lands the cry is altogether for the stalest bread, and it is not uncommon to produce at the christening of an

infant bread baked on occasion of the birth of its grandmother. Hospitable people bring out their stale bread as other men in other lands produce for a chosen friend their oldest wine. In some districts, however, they have no barley and oats; wherefore they make bread of the flour of fir bark, which will keep as long. As long as a deal board will keep, undoubtedly.

Wheat, rye, barley, and oats, acorns, chestnuts, peas, and beans, in Europe, carrots, also, mixed with a third part of flour, and potatoes, which, when first introduced, were made, in Austria, to yield both bread and wine, maize in America and Africa, rice in Asia, dried fishes among some islanders; what is there grindable, from birch bark upwards, that men have not ground and baked into loaves or cakes? But the true bread that furnishes philosophers and poets with their allegories, that is the pabulum of politicians, and the King of Good Victuals to the European, comes of wheat or rye, let us not grudge to add barley, which is the life of the sweet black pumpernickel, good to eat in moderation, freely buttered.

It used to be a belief of theologians that Adam was taught how to bake; but it has been observed that there is no evidence that Abraham could make loaf bread, which we first hear of in the Mosaic prohibition of its use during the Passover. The Chaldeans were famous for good bread, and it would seem to have been in Chaldea or in Egypt that the first loaf was invented.

Beyond the ordinary nourishment given by it as food, a special strengthening power used to be ascribed to bread, and there was a time when men saw a reference to this peculiar virtue in David's mention of "bread that strengtheneth the heart of man," and in the scriptural statement that when Saul was with the witch at Endor "there was no strength in him, for he had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night;" upon which the woman said, "Let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat that thou mayest have strength." Laertius and Arsenius cite two cases in which life was said to have been prolonged and sustained wholly upon the smell of a new loaf. The spirit obtained from bread was held to be an elixir of life in a small way. For outward bruise or inward malady bread was a remedy. Chewed bread, salt, and spider's web was sovereign against a wound, and who shall revile bread pills when he has heard all that was done in cases of lingering fever by pills made of rye bread, salt, and fasting spittle!

We are still a long way from Dockhead where Ceres, trading, with a physician for high priest, under the style of Peek, Frean, and Co., has caused a great steam-engine to be set up, and is again, through her high priest, Doctor Dangleish, teaching the world how to make bread.

The noblest Romans thrive on pulse and bank-ocks until they received from the Greeks the art of making leavened loaves. Dough left to turn sour and thin by standing six-and-thirty hours in a warm place, is leaven, sour dough, as the German's call it. It contains twenty or

more grains of the essence of vinegar to every pound of flour, and communicates, as it used to be said, a sour taste to the bread raised by it very grateful to the juices of the stomach. Fermentation in the dough with which a small quantity of such leaven is mixed, rapidly extends, and the carbonic acid gas given out during the process, swells in the paste, raises it, and makes it spongy. If the bread be left to go on fermenting five minutes too long there is more acid formed than the consumer likes: the bread is sour. If the bread do not ferment sufficiently, it becomes heavy, and the chances, except in the most careful hands, are against the exact selection of the happy moment for arresting fermentation in the oven, when the bread may be over-baked or under-baked, or baked too fast, or baked too slowly. But with all its imperfections the old leavened bread, the bread without which no meal ever was complete, though eaten daily, never palled. It was commonly the last thing the sick man relinquished, and the first for which the convalescent regained appetite. The different qualities of flour had their appointed use from old time. Centuries ago a doctor explained why, that he might purify himself on the last day of every week, he ate white bread on every other day, but black on Friday.

We know from Pliny that the Romans knew the use of yeast for raising bread, and preferred bread made with it to that produced by use of the sour dough or leaven. But the leavened bread was commonest among them, and it was with leaven that they taught people to make bread in the provinces. Until the end of the seventeenth century in France and Spain, and Europe generally, bread was made only by means of leaven. Then it was that the Paris bakers began to import for themselves yeast from Flanders. The obvious improvement of the bread of Paris soon attracted notice, inquiry was set on foot, and the new custom among the bakers having become known, was declared by the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, and the physicians at the court of the great Louis Quatorze, to be injurious to health. The use of yeast was therefore prohibited by government.

An absurd prohibition does not command much respect. The Flanders yeast was put into sacks, from which its moisture was allowed to pass, and it was imported in a new form, almost dry, for the use of the pertinacious bakers. Perfectly dry yeast will ferment again when moistened. The bread was liked, the opinion of the doctors was not cared about, the prohibition lapsed by disuse, and the new way of making bread spread itself from Paris through surrounding countries as fast as the fermentation of the bit of yeast spreads through the mass of dough.

So bread-making has passed from the cake period to the leaven period, thence to the great period, and through that to a new period, upon the edge of which we now are standing. Until lately, in many parts of England, bread-making and baking were among the household duties of a private family. Less than sixty years ago Man-

chester, then containing ninety thousand people, did not provide work for a single baker. Now, the bakers have nearly the whole bread trade of the towns of England to themselves, and it is well that they should have it, and should make the best of it.

Before we can tell how they are to make the best of it, we have to know less vaguely what is meant by some of the words we have here been using.

Milk and bread are the only perfect articles of human food—that is to say, the only articles which contain in themselves all the elements required for the support of the body. Bread is a better food than milk for the adult, because it employs the teeth and all the parts of the body to which they are a portal in the work for which they were created. Spongy bread, since it contains forty per cent. of water, unites meat and drink, having therein advantage over biscuit. It has advantage also in its bulk, for the stomach was made to act upon food in bulk, and will not do its work in the best manner if it be not duly distended. It has advantage also in presenting, by its cellular structure, an enormous surface to the necessary action of the saliva. Men long confined to biscuit acquire strong desire for spongy bread, and the like desire is felt by invalids, from whose diet it has sometimes to be excluded.

The sponginess of bread is usually produced, as we have said, by fermentation. The granules of starch in the wheat flour are so acted upon as to be made to give off a minute quantity of carbonic acid gas; this being retained by the tenacity of the surrounding gluten, causes the mass of dough to swell up and become spongy. There are in a hundred parts of wheat flour about seventy-two of starch and extractive, with ten of gluten, two of fat, and sixteen of water. It is upon the gluten and the starch and extractive that the structure of bread wholly depends. The gluten is sticky as glue and elastic, the starch granules have no more coherence than so many grains of sand. Gluten wetted with water and kept at a hot summer temperature of about eighty-five degrees will soon begin to decompose, and will change any starch with which it is in contact, first into dextrine and afterwards into grape-sugar. If the contact is maintained for some days, organic life commences, and at the same time the grape-sugar is changed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The carbonic acid, in endeavouring to escape, causes the dough to swell. This is the chemistry of that old method of leavening the dough, still followed in Poland, and some other parts of Europe. The process is the same, but quicker, when a small piece of the dough already fermented is put with that freshly made, and the hastening is greater still when use is made of active ferments, such as ale and beer, yeast, or, most active of all, the "German yeast."

For this chemical change to take place uniformly and thoroughly, it is necessary that all ingredients of the dough should be brought

thoroughly into contact with one another. This is effected usually by kneading with the arms and feet, warm and unhealthy work for bakers' men, and to the eater of the bread sufficiently disgusting. When the kneading is complete, each starch granule has a thin coating of moist gluten, and by their tenacious coats the grains will all hold firmly together, and throughout the substance of the stiff dough, chemical action proceeds evenly.

Now there are certain obvious objections to this process. The whole object of it is to procure a development of fixed air to distend the bread, and this is obtained by a decomposition of some part of the essential nutritive constituents of the flour. Part of the nutritive matter of the starch and gluten suffers decomposition into ammonia, alcohol, and carbonic acid, while other portions are changed into constituents liable to affect injuriously delicate stomachs. The free acids contained in all fermented bread frequently disagree with children, always with dyspeptic people, and there is a liability to second fermentation in the stomach. The gluten is deprived of its full power of producing firm and healthy muscle.

To obviate all these objections, Dr. Whiting proposed, some years ago, a method of making spongy unfermented bread. He mixed intimately with the dough, not leaven or yeast, but muriatic acid and bicarbonate of soda, in the proportions that would make common salt, a requisite ingredient, after giving off the carbonic acid gas, by which the unfermented and unaltered dough would be distended. The plan was an elegant one, and has been freely adopted. It is the principle upon which alone, until lately, unfermented spongy bread was made. The objections to it are the direct introduction into the bread of chemical ingredients, either of which would be hurtful if by chance the proportion were not rightly observed, or the mixture imperfectly effected. The bread also, when so made, is less spongy than bakers' bread.

But within the last year or two it has occurred to another physician, Dr. Darglish, that by mechanical contrivance the pure fixed air can be passed into the dough, and that flour unaltered by fermentation, untouched by any chemical, unpolluted even by the touch of any hand, can be made into a perfect form of spongy bread. Having developed his plan fully, he took out a patent, and already at Portsmouth and at Dockhead in Bermondsey extensive factories are engaged in the production of an "Aerated Bread," which, as to its substance, is, we believe, bread made perfect, though it is possible that there may be hereafter developed a less costly way of making it.

The patent is worked wholly by steam machinery, of which we cannot attempt to explain all the ingenious refinements. The main principle is easily to be understood. According to the way usually adopted in producing the same gas for soda-water, carbonic acid is formed in a large receiver, far away from the dough. Thence it is forced into a great copper cylinder,

containing water, fixed over the mixing vessel. At a high pressure, which is maintained also by the forcing of the same gas within the mixing vessel, the water in the cylinder is supersaturated with gas—is made, in fact, into soda-water free from soda. In that state it is then allowed to flow through a pipe over the due relative proportions of flour and salt, under the highly-condensed atmosphere of the closed mixer. The mixer is a hollow globe of cast iron, in which iron arms are made to revolve on an axis turned by the steam-engine. The gas remains fixed, still under pressure in the water. In three or four minutes, or more, according to the quality of the flour, the mixture of the flour with the soda-water is complete. The paste then passes out through a tube gradually widening, and the gas expands in every pore of the dough, not breaking out of the decomposed flour, but out of the water, as the pressure is removed. The dough instantly rises as it passes into the tins, or wooden measures, which a boy holds under the spout, cutting off the measure of each loaf as it descends, and immediately placing it on the edge of the oven, which is on the other side of him. The floor of the oven is an endless chain, revolving on two drums, of which the pace is regulated in accordance with the size and character of the bread to be baked. The loaves placed on one edge of the oven immediately begin to travel through its regulated heat, and in due time are turned out exactly baked upon the other side, close to the open door, at which carts wait to carry the loaves to the shopkeepers. Until the bread is baked not a hand touches it.

An hour and a half is time enough for the conversion, by this process, of a sack of flour into baked loaves, perfectly spongy and with the nutritive elements of the flour wholly untouched. In the ordinary process, four or five hours are required for the mere raising of the sponge. This prolonged action of the warmth and moisture upon many kinds of flour—as flour from wheat gathered in wet seasons—otherwise wholesome, changes the starchy matter into dextrine, and after all produces bread dark coloured and sodden. It is to correct so great an occasion of uncertainty and loss, which has always prevented capitalists from embarking in the baking trade, that alum has been used. The rapidity of the new aerating process wholly avoids this risk; the result never is uncertain; and good bread can be made of flour otherwise almost useless to the baker. The unfermented, or, as it is properly called, the aerated bread, made according to Dr. Darglish's patent, being entirely free from the acid which is always necessarily present in fermented bread, has been found actually curative in that numerous class of diseases which result from acid secretions or an acid state of the blood. This freedom from acid causes the bread at first to appear somewhat insipid, but it soon asserts its value. One of the most eminent of our physicians kept a loaf of it for a fortnight, and then caused it to appear at his breakfast-table with a baker's loaf of the previous day.

The unfermented loaf, old as it was, appeared to be the fresher of the two. Experience has shown that working men who use the aerated bread eat more of it—sometimes even half as much again—making hearty breakfasts, and being at dinner time less hungry for meat.

At Guy's Hospital the patients have always their quantity of bread by weight duly prescribed. Fermented bread of the best quality is used, made in the hospital to ensure its being good. Of the quantity supplied to the wards there is gathered every day a large surplus which the patients have been unable to consume. For about two months two of the wards were supplied, by way of experiment, with aerated bread in the usual quantities. One remarkable result was, that from these wards there was never any surplus to be collected. The sick stomachs never turned against it. The use of aerated bread tends rather, therefore, to the increase of the baker's, and the decrease of the butcher's, bill. Its actual price is that of ordinary bread, but as its manufacture demands costly machinery, it can be sold only in the shops of bakers or corn-dealers as books are sold by the booksellers after the publishing firms have produced them. We believe that the art of bread-making as thus perfected will eventually supersede the old hand and foot labour upon the dough, and the old practice of decomposing the bread itself to procure the gas that is to lighten it. But we do not believe that the change will be prejudicial to the interests of a trade that in its present state seems to be one of the least profitable and the most unhealthy that a man can follow.

We do not speak unadvisedly, when we refer to the unwholesomeness of the trade in fermented bread. We are told that "as matters stand there is no help for it," and this may be true. Ten years ago, vigorous efforts were made to secure improvement in the condition of the journeyman bakers, but they were fruitless. With the best will in the world, the master bakers found it impossible to bring their trade within the rules of health. Some who abandoned nightwork have found the return to it unavoidable. In a paper read two months ago at the last meeting of the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science," we are still told the old terrible story. Except persons who are employed in bleach works, no class of men suffer toil so destructive as that of the makers of fermented bread in London and some of our large provincial towns. Very many of these men work night and day. Beginning at eleven o'clock on Sunday night, they go on until four o'clock on Monday afternoon; while others sleep they must prepare the dough. During the fermentation they may snatch rest for an hour or an hour and a half on the boards of the bakehouse, not daring to commit themselves to the sound sleep for which nature yearns, lest they should oversleep themselves and spoil the bread. In the morning they have to carry about a weight of baked bread to the out-door customers. So the week runs, every night and day, till Thurs-

day; then it often happens—chiefly in the underselling shops—that from eleven o'clock on Thursday night, work has to be maintained continuously until late on Saturday afternoon. That is to say, there is an almost incredible demand on men already overwary, for no less than forty hours of labour at a stretch! On many there is a still further demand for four hours' work on Sunday, to see to the "dinner bakings." A large number of the journeyman bakers are thus at work for one hundred and twelve hours in the week of six days; their portion being eighteen hours of daily labour to but six of rest. Not in all shops, but in many, matters are as bad as this, and in some they are worse. The weekly wages for such work range from twelve to eighteen shillings, with the daily allowance of a half-quarter loaf to every man.

But overwork is not the whole cause of unhealthiness among the men who work in bake-houses. Let any one consider the cost of space in London and large towns, remember that the bakehouses are almost always underground, and usually—since the baker's trade is not a thriving one—at the basement of small houses. Of most of the London bakehouses it is not too much to say that they are pestiferous underground dungeons, hot, unventilated, and undrained, lighted with gas, fouled by contaminations near at hand, and by the exhalations of the weary men who work in them, and lie down on their boards for snatches of unwholesome rest.

Of the bread eaten in London a large proportion comes handled very often, also trodden with bare feet after long fermentation, in such dens as these. Of bakers' men only about fourteen in a hundred have a look of health, while of carpenters, who also work in-doors, seventy-two in a hundred are robust. Among bakers' journeymen no less than seventy in a hundred are found to complain of positive disease. "I have met," says a Manchester surgeon, "with more than twice as many cases of disease among the bakers as among all other artisans put together, the number of men in each case being equal." Of a visit from a deputation of journeymen the same witness says:

They came to me in a body late in the evening, and on entering the waiting-room the effect was startling—so many shrunk, pale, anxious countenances, combined with the ghastly looks of some of them, and their dusty habiliments, it seemed more like a visit from the tenants of the tomb, than from what ought to have been hearty, sound constituted men.

A journeyman baker is considered to be used up at the age of forty.

Finally, let it be remembered that these results follow not upon the cruelty of grasping masters, who enrich themselves at the cost of other men's lives; but upon the necessity of poor men following a trade that yields them little profit. All these things being true, we surely may be thankful enough for an advance made in our understanding of the art of bread-making, which has changed the rising of the dough into an instantaneous act, and produces

in an hour and a half out of a sack of flour, baked loaves whereinto there have been no men's lives kneaded.

CURLY-HEADED FRANCE.

On the 24th of December, 1492, Christopher Columbus, sailing through the great Atlantic Ocean, got entangled in the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and came to an anchor in the Bay of Caracol. There, by some mischance, he lost one of his ships, and was fain to make a home for his crew on the hilly island before him, which the Carib Indians, running down to the rocky edge to see the strangers, called in their own tongue *Haiti*, or the mountainous country. Taking possession in the names, and for the crown, of Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus rebaptised the island, calling it now *Hispaniola*, or *Little Spain*, in honour of them and of his adopted country; though later it grew to be known as *Saint Domingo*, from the city which he and his brother built. But *Fort Navidad* was the name of the first building made there, for this was the shelter wherein he left his shipwrecked crew to the protection of the saints and the tender mercies of the Caribs. *Fort Navidad* was, in fact, the first European settlement actually effected in the New World. The mountainous country was destined to be rich in aliases. When the French got possession of the west coast they called the island the *Queen of the Antilles*: *Cuba* was the *King*; and in our own day certain wits have stamped it as "*Curly-headed France*," in pleasant allusion to its origin and adoption, its race and administration.

The Indians were not disposed to fraternise very intimately with Columbus's crew. When they had learnt to know them as they really were, the poor savages thought the less they had to do with them the better, so they took the most effectual mode of separation known to them; attacked *Fort Navidad*, and quietly killed every man of the little garrison entrenched there; and, when Columbus returned with aid and reinforcements from home, he found only slaughtered men and painful memories standing between him and the past. He immediately gave battle to the Indians, and, though he had but a comparative handful of armed Spaniards, defeated a hundred thousand of them without great loss on his own side. So, at least, say the old chroniclers; but, their accounts are not to be taken without the traditional grain of salt of which critics and historians cannot eat too freely. He then levied a tribute of three *hawks'-bills* of gold every three months from each Indian above fourteen years of age, with a larger payment for the chief or *cacique*. Spain would have sold anything for gold, and even the blood of her bravest was well redeemed by sundry *hawks'-bills* of that burning, yellow metal, for which every Spanish man and woman lusted almost to sickness. While the tribute was coming in slowly and painfully, Columbus founded, first, the city of *La Isabella*, and then

that of Saint Domingo, which in time became sponsor for the whole island. It was long afterwards that the old hidalgo town in the Santiago plain, with the Homeric name of "Santiago de los Cavalleros," was built for those stately gentlemen whose blood was too blue, and whose escutcheons were too old, to permit them to dwell among the merchants by the shore. The city was abandoned when France wrested the Antilles' queen from Spain, but its remains still attest the magnificence and wealth of its olden time. Nothing more completely photographs the spirit of the age than that aristocratic town, built exclusively for the emigrant nobility, who would not choose to dwell even in the same streets and squares as the unblest plebeians who made their gold by vulgar trade; yet who themselves traded more largely, but more cruelly and piratically, than the honest burgher who kept his shop and sold his stores at so much per cent., and climbed up from penury to affluence by maravedis and pesetas at a time.

After the disgrace of the Columbus family, when the Genoese hero was sent home in chains to the land he had helped to honour and enrich, Ovando was nominated governor of Hispaniola, where he made himself conspicuous for his ability as a good coloniser, with the set-off of abominable cruelty towards the natives. What with wars and rigorous treatment of all kinds, the million of inhabitants whom Columbus found on the island soon got reduced to twenty-four thousand, and then the Spaniards, too proud to work for themselves, and alarmed at the want of servants to work for them, imported other Indians from the Bahamas, who got as badly treated as their predecessors, and also died off by hundreds. And then the Bishop of Chiapa, in Mexico, seeking to ameliorate the condition of these aborigines, persuaded the king to charter a company of merchants for the slave trade, so that some remnant of the oppressed people might be saved. Thus slaves and negroes were first imported into Haiti at the instance of a Christian bishop, and with the design of showing a vicarious kind of charity to the Caribs. No one then looked forward into the misty future stealing on; no one then thought that the slaves imported now, simply to help lift the yoke from off the Indian's neck, would some day so multiply and increase that they would take the land and hold it, and so entirely thrust out the lingering remnant of the race they were sent to save, as to assume to themselves the rights of citizenship and country, which no logic could divert to them from the aborigines. The Portuguese had been the first to begin the trade. Having to restore two Moorish prisoners, they received so many negroes in exchange that the idea of a regular traffic in slaves was suggested to them, and acted on; and soon this commerce in sable flesh grew so large and profitable that the King of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea, as evidencing the richest province, and the most lucrative trade, belonging to him. Hawkins was the first Englishman engaged in that trade, and in 1562 brought his first cargo of three

hundred negro slaves to Haiti; but it was as early as 1592 that the slaves were sufficiently numerous to dare a revolt, and begin, in fact, the series of insurrections which culminated in the terrible crisis of 1791, and ended in the establishment of the Black Republic and the creation of a "Curly-headed France" in the Caribbean Sea.

Haiti and the adjacent islands were very cosmopolitan in their population. Like all the rest of the New World, they attracted the adventurous spirits for whom home and the ordinary way were too narrow, and offered an asylum to those whose freedom of thoughts had made the Old-World life impossible. Adventurers from Spain, merchants from Portugal, traders and pirates from France and England, with refugees from Acadia (Evangeline's Acadia), and Huguenots from the mother country, negroes from Africa, Indians from the Bahamas, and the native Caribs, all made up a mixed and motley population, in which there was still wanting one dominant party to take the lead of the rest. Petty struggles were there in plenty. Admiral Drake took Saint Domingo and made the Spaniards buy him off; then the French expelled the Spaniards, and the Spaniards expelled the French; but at last the Dons were thrust altogether to the eastern side, and never recovered their lost territory again, and probably never will. The eastern side, however, is still Spanish in its language and traditions, and there is a marked and notable difference between that and the Frenchified west. The next upon the scene were the famous buccaneers, so called from "boucan," the hurdle on which they smoked their wild game; and, indeed, in the present Franco-Haitian language, boucaner is still used instead of "cuire au four," to bake. These buccaneers were hunters on the island of Tortugas, lying at some little distance from Haiti, who kept their regular hunting-grounds there, but poached, when they could, on the preserves of the Antilles' queen. Their mode of life was singular enough. They lived together in couples, holding all things in common, so that if one died the other inherited what was left. Each hunter, or couple of hunters, had twenty or thirty hounds to bring down the wild oxen and other beasts, the skins of which they traded off to merchants and ships' crews; reserving the best, though, for themselves, to make themselves court suits and country wear. They were a wild-looking set, with their huge untanned leather boots and ungainly dress of skins usually soaked and smeared with blood; and none of the colonists of more civilised manners cared for much intercourse with them. They held themselves in no country and beyond law, for "when they crossed the line, the baptism of the sea set them free from all social obligations;" so that by degrees, licence producing lawlessness, and lawlessness crime, from simple hunters and tanners with a dash of the poacher, they grew to be the most daring and dangerous pirates in the world. They were of all nations, but chiefly French and English; and by their numbers and audacity became so for-

midable, that, in 1638, the Spaniards, in self-defence, fell upon their nest in Tortugas and put all of them to the sword. An Englishman named Willis recruited a new band, but the members quarrelled among themselves; so Willis expelled the French, hoisted the national flag of English piracy, pure and simple, and made himself a name, a power, and a pest. The French got reinforcements from St. Christopher and other islands, and in their turn drove out the English; and so the struggle went on, like some ghastly game of seesaw played with dead men's bones.

There was a common want among the settlers: the want of women. Nothing but booted, rough-bearded men for all the small domesticities and gentle amenities of life; nothing but pirates or merchants, knights or esquires, for the whole economy of social life. It was terrible. Even the dreaded buccaneers, glaring over the water from Tortugas, were not a greater infliction than this want of wives and sisters, of friends and mothers, among the colonists. The grievance at last grew to be so great and unbearable, that Ogeron, the governor of French Saint Domingo, imported wives for his subjects, getting batches of fifty at a time, all clean limbed, bright-eyed, well-favoured damsels, of but meagre matrimonial chances in the home market. As soon as they landed, a grand kind of fair or sale was held, where the women were put up to auction and knocked down to the highest bidder, so that there should be no suspicion of favouritism. Sold for wives, be it understood, not for slaves, or into anything less honest than the state of marriage. It was an arrangement that suited all parties, and certainly the last to complain of it were the women, who found home and husband in Haiti a more desirable possession than neglect and destitution in France.

Thus, things went on, with the French supreme at the west and south, the English having a tiny foothold on the north, the Spaniards crushed up into the east, and the negro element every now and then heaving and shaking like the first throes of an earthquake, until 1791, when the great Black Revolt took place, and the independent existence of Haiti was inaugurated in the massacre of two thousand whites. The National Assembly of France might claim to itself credit for some share in the sequel of this revolt. Much uneasiness had long been felt among the slaves concerning their rights and liberties, and the news which came over from France, of all being done there for the establishment of freedom throughout the world, did not tend to tranquillise them. When, therefore, they copied their masters at times, and took the law into their own hands, they looked for sympathy, to say the least, if not for aid and countenance. The National Assembly thought differently. It sent over three commissioners and eight thousand soldiers, with orders to proclaim the social and political equality of whites, mulattoes, and blacks, *if free*; but with orders also to leave the question of slavery where they found it, or rather to uphold it as a righteous and needful institution. The

slaves, already flushed with success and drunk with the blood of their masters, were not likely to acquiesce very quietly in this view of human rights; and the presence of the commissioners and the eight thousand armed soldiers of the Republic made matters still less pleasant for the sable revolutionists. Frightened at all they saw before them, Santhonax and Polverel, the two commissioners who remained, then took it on themselves to emancipate all the slaves in the island; but it was too late to be of use. Macaya, a black, entered Cape François with three thousand revolted slaves, and took, in blood and slaughter, that freedom which the commissioners had so timidly and hesitatingly allowed. Then England offered to assume the mastership of this difficult situation, and did so; extremity proving as usual her opportunity, and the straits of others opening the cleft for her wedge.

A small armament of eight hundred and seventy at once sailed from Jamaica, took Fort Jérémie and the mole of Cap Saint Nicolas, Fort Tiburon, Fort Saint Acul, and Port-au-Prince, where they rested for new orders and fresh reinforcements. But they lost ground, owing to the heat and yellow fever; and then the second effort of the British Lion to make himself a lair under the robes of the Antilles' queen failed as the first had done. It was not given to us by fate to colonise or possess the mountainous country of the Caribs. When the English "gave out," Toussaint l'Ouverture, a slave and the grandson of an African king, and Rigaud, a mulatto, took the lead, recapturing Tiburon, Leogane, Jean Rahel, Petite Rivière, and retaining the whole of the north, with the exception of the mole of Fort Dauphin. So that, when more red-coats from the English army arrived, expecting to carry all before them, they found that Toussaint had made himself the dominant power in the island, that Haiti had been proclaimed an independent republic, with l'Ouverture as dictator (1801), and that nothing remained to be done but to sail back again as speedily as might be. So General Simcoe returned to England, and left the island to work out its own salvation by itself. Toussaint had started with an army of forty thousand men, which, in 1801, was doubled to eighty thousand; but the very magnitude of his power proved his destruction; for France grew alarmed at the attitude taken by her sable sister, and sent General Leclerc with twenty thousand men to talk with her on reason and the rights of man over cannon-balls and crossed bayonets.

In February, 1802, Leclerc opened his campaign, fighting with varied success, now beating and now beaten, but always finding the blacks stronger and more formidable enemies than he had expected. Whereupon he tried to gain by diplomacy and craft what war and arms could not give him: made a truce with Toussaint and Christopher, talked of universal charities and fraternisation, spoke of the honour of a Frenchman and the mission of a Republican, and played his part so well that the black heroes committed the irremediable mistake of trusting to his pro-

fessions, and believing in his protestations. When the truce was at its height, and men's minds most calm and most assured, Toussaint L'Ouverture was treacherously seized in his plantations and carried off, he and his wife and family, to France. There they were treated with all the refinements of cruelty belonging to civilisation: the unfortunate black was thrust into a cold, dank, horrible cell in the prison fortress of Joux, where, on the 27th of April, 1803, he was one morning found dead—the prison authorities said by apoplexy, history says by murder. Napoleon has few blots on his name more foul, more cruel, more treacherous, than this episode of Toussaint L'Ouverture, a man of whom history has only nobleness and self-sacrifice to record. After his abduction, the war was carried on with redoubled severity. The French brought bloodhounds from Cuba, and hunted the negroes like wild beasts through the mountains. Reprisals were not wanting; reprisals so fierce that it was said forty thousand French perished by the hands of the blacks, exclusive of those who died of fever and starvation. For, at last, the famine was so great that they were forced to eat the very bloodhounds brought over for negro-hunting. Hated, expelled, and their rule broken for ever, the French did the best they could under their untoward circumstances, and recognised Haiti as an independent black nation on the 1st of January, 1804. At that time the negroes were from four hundred and eighty thousand to five hundred thousand strong, and had some notable men among them to take the conduct of affairs. True, Toussaint, with his lofty daring and nobleness of soul, was gone, but Christophe, his friend and companion, remained; and Dessalines was there, vigorous and strong, if peremptory and cruel, with others of less historic weight, and by degrees they put their house in order, and got things tolerably well arranged. Dessalines, who had made a proclamation advising the assassination of the French, took the west, or French side, as Jacques the First; and when he was assassinated, Pétion took the south-west, and Christophe the north-west, as Henri the First. Christophe had been one of Toussaint's most ardent friends and supporters, and had been tampered with and tempted by the French at a time when his defection would have strengthened their hands perhaps for ever; but, loyal and true, Christophe had stood manfully by his leader and their cause, and now came forward as the chief of a state, no longer as only the captain of a band of revolted slaves. In the sequel Christophe was either slain in a military revolt, as some say, or, according to others, committed suicide. But, indeed, Haitian history is sadly confused and indistinguishable; dates, names, events, sequences, are jumbled together in such utter disorder, that we can make out little beyond the fact that the government of the island was handed about from one to another, that revolutions and assassinations were thick on every side, that the black governors had much to learn and much to un-

learn, and that the whole was a series of experiments, in which sometimes the experiment, and sometimes the experimenter, came off worst, and sometimes things went on smoothly and well for all parties. This historic and dynastic imbroglio lasts until August, 1849, in which month and year Soulouque became emperor, under the title of Faustin the First.

Soulouque was a kind of prophetic parody. He did in his small way precisely what a certain neighbour of ours did in a grander fashion two years later. Elected President, as all the rest had been from Dessalines upwards, he took the oaths and his seat, and for a time conducted himself with becoming presidential moderation. But the glitter of an imperial crown dazzled Soulouque, and the Haitian President executed a coup d'état whereby he became a crowned emperor and the loving cousin of all the regalities in Europe. It was a grand idea, and by no means weakly executed. Soulouque was a great nobility maker. His Dukes of Marmalade and Princesses of Barley-Sugar were the standing jokes of the Old World, though not quite fair jokes; and for a time, what with successfully debauching the army, and surrounding himself with a creature court devoted to his fortunes—which were their own—he managed to steer clear of his enemies, and to overbear all opposition. He was wise, too, in his generation. With a keen eye to the future, he amassed three or four hundred thousand pounds, which he prudently invested in the European funds—his uneasy seat, and perhaps an uneasy conscience, leading him to build his boats and bridges behind him, and make all ready for the day when flight should be his sole chance of safety. His immediate cause of failure was not long in coming. A man of his inordinate ambition could not let well alone, but must needs plan and plot, and conspire for something more than he had, and this something more was the empire of the whole island. He took his measures, laid his plans, prepared his plot, but his men did not second him, the army even failed him, and the conspiracy fell to the ground in a helpless and imperfect manner; whereon Soulouque, in a rage, got hold of his recalcitrants, put them into pits, kept them without food, and left them to be devoured by vermin of the most horrible kind. In short, he acted with all the full-blooded cruelty of an unmitigated savage tyrant. As Anthony Trollope says, "He played, upon the whole, such a melodrama of fantastic tricks and fantasies as might have done honour to a white Nero. Then at last black human nature could endure no more, and Soulouque, dreading a pit for his own majesty, was forced to run." On the 29th of January, 1859, he and his black wife, or wives, his famous daughter Olive, and his numerous maids of honour, took refuge on board the Melbourne, bound for Kingston, in Jamaica. But they found Kingston almost as hot for them as Port-au-Prince. The banished Haitians, of whom Faustin the First had made quite a colony, had mostly congregated there, and received their ancient oppressor, as soon as

he landed, with yells and hootings, surrounding the carriage like so many dusky demons, and heaping all kinds of contumely on fallen royalty until it gained the shelter of the Date-Tree Inn, when the banished lords took a lodging immediately opposite, and held a dignity ball that night in token of derision and indignation. Date-Tree Inn was the only place of refuge which fallen royalty could find; for Mrs. Seacole's sister, who keeps an hotel in Jamaica, where she is tenderly patriotic in beefsteaks and porter, would not so far demean herself or her house as to give his sable majesty a refuge. He had been emperor twelve years, but Mrs. Seacole's sister had not learnt to believe in his regality for all that.

After Soulouque's fall and expulsion, Febre Geffard was chosen President: a kind, just man, full of good intentions, and singularly merciful in disposition, a pure African by blood, but with all the upright feelings and noble instincts of the most civilised Caucasian. But Fabre Geffard is not acceptable to the whole of his quasi-subjects. A large section still regrets the author of the Haitian coup d'état, and this section determined, the other day, to get rid of Fabre and his gentle rule. A party of five, composed chiefly of men of rank and condition, and headed by Zamors and Chochotti, two men of birth, surrounded the President's house; and, on his young daughter, Madame Blanfort, appearing, a man named Sanon shot her down as she stood, intending to seize the President in the confusion, and make short work with him. It was a ruthless assassination. Not many weeks married, much and tenderly beloved, there was everything, both in her character and condition, that ought to have pleaded for her exemption from harm. Yet she was the one marked out for destruction, simply with the hope that her death would create such consternation that the plot could be carried into effect without trouble or hindrance. It was a heinous crime; an unpardonable crime, but the revenge taken was severe enough even for the vengeful. Twenty men were condemned to death, not all of whom were guilty of even knowledge of the assassination. Yet sixteen were actually executed, four saving themselves by flight. Fabre Geffard could with difficulty be brought to consent to this wholesale manner of retribution, but his ministers and the army took the matter out of his hands, and the trial was pressed forward with all the ardour and passion of the South, passing from accusation to conviction, and from conviction to execution with very little interval or respite in between.

The condemned bore themselves with the courage of heroes. When drawn out to be shot, they stood in a row, chatting gaily among each other, and smoking as calmly as if on parade—like all men who have committed a great public crime, cheating themselves into the belief that they had meditated a great public virtue. The soldiers told off for the execution were unmanned. Though there were forty-six to do the work, it took three-quarters of an hour before the last man was killed. It was a

perfect butchery, and the popular feeling, which had been so strong on the side of the murdered girl and against the conspirators, was all now drawn to the victims of what seemed to be an inhuman slaughter. It will be long before Haiti forgets that day when she wetted her feet in the blood of her sons, and trailed her royal robes knee-deep through the crimson stain. It might have been a just sentence, but at the best it was not tempered with mercy, and, under all the circumstances of the execution, even the justice became problematical.

INFALLIBLE PHYSIC.

"THERE is always," observed an author two centuries ago, "some one arch quackery that carries the bell in England. If it is not tar water, it is something else." It is calculated that at least half a million of pounds sterling is expended annually by the English public on advertised drugs and nostrums. Upwards of forty thousand pounds are paid annually to the revenue for stamps on quack medicines. One patent medicine-vendor, it is affirmed, spends no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds yearly in advertising his drugs.

One of the most notable impostors on public credulity was St. John Long, a painter from Cork, who took up doctoring on his own authority. He settled in London, took a fine house, and enunciated a mystic doctrine about morbid matter. All his remedies were applied externally, kept strictly secret, and vaunted as the great discovery of the age. He soon got abundance of patients, and it is said gained one hundred thousand pounds out of the pockets of the credulous public in London. Yet Dr. Sleigh, an eminent physician to whom Long was induced to apply for instruction after his first trial for manslaughter, asserted that, even for a layman and unprofessional man, he found him utterly and strangely ignorant on everything whatever, however elementary, relating to the structure, functions, and diseases of the body. Nevertheless, at his two trials numerous witnesses, among whom were noblemen, clergymen, and generals, stood forward to swear to his great medical knowledge. One of these witnesses (Lord Ingestre) swore that he saw St. John Long draw several pounds of a liquid like mercury from a patient's brain!

In the early part of the present century, a person called Perkins sold in great numbers, and at exorbitant prices, two small tapering pieces of metal called Tractors, which were stated to be perfectly efficacious in the removal of "acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, sprains, erysipelas, epileptic fits, pleurisy," and numerous other ailments, and they were further alleged to be equally successful in all analogous diseases of horses or other animals. The small pieces of metal were made of zinc and copper, which would cost at the most but a few pence, yet they were sold in great numbers at six guineas a set, and persons of high repute and station bore testimony to the truth of this "safe, speedy, and

effectual method of cure." In a pamphlet on the influence of the tractors, Perkins stated that "he had crossed the Atlantic and become a resident in London, that he might devote his time and attention to the diffusion of this important discovery, and its application to the miseries of mankind." He alleged that among his testimonials were vouchers from "eight professors in four universities in the various branches as follows: three of natural philosophy, four of medicine, one of natural history; to these may be added nineteen physicians, seventeen surgeons, and twenty clergymen, of whom ten are doctors of divinity, and many others of equal respectability." Very soon, however, Dr. Haygarth and Mr. Smith in this country, and Schumacker in Germany, showed that they could produce equally marvellous effects with "false tractors" made of wax and wood, provided only that the patients did not know the deceit practised upon them, and had entire confidence in the method of cure employed. The paralytic were made to walk, rheumatic pains were put to flight, and, during the operation of pointing the false tractors to the part of the body affected, the pulse was visibly influenced. In one case they produced an increase of pain instead of relieving it, and the patient declared that after their use for four minutes, he was in more pain than when the surgeon took five pieces of bone from his leg, after a compound fracture in Wales, and his pulse was raised to one hundred and twenty beats a minute.

Contemporaneous with Perkins were the Jew doctors, Brodun and Solomon. The former was footman to Dr. Bossy, a learned physician of those days, and having obtained some knowledge of medical terms, resolved to turn doctor himself. He brought out a "Nervous Cordial" and Botanical Syrup, which were announced to be grand restoratives of nature, and he secured patents for them. He published, also, a Guide to Old Age, with a portrait of the author, and puffed it so judiciously that, according to his own account, it went through fifty editions. After travelling about England, he at length determined to settle in the metropolis, "the Paradise of quacks," and, after a run of success, attempted to get himself appointed an officer of volunteers, but eventually failed. Famous Dr. Solomon, in his youthful days, gained a livelihood by hawking black-ball in Newcastle. Regarding this employment as too menial, he turned his attention to cleansing ladies' faces from spots and freckles, by an "abstringent lotion." Afterwards he attempted to establish a newspaper in Liverpool, but not succeeding, tried to sell it, unestablished as it was. His great exploit was the fabrication of the Cordial Balm of Gilead, and the publication with it of a Guide to Health. In his Guide he informs the public, "that the most learned physicians have been unable to discover in the Cordial Balm of Gilead the least particle of mercury, antimony, iron, or any other mineral except gold (pure virgin gold), and the balm of Mecca." A portrait adorns this valu-

able medical work, and an engraving of the great man's house, with a scale of measurement.

The Balm of Gilead had a large sale, and seems to have been a pleasant beverage. On one occasion a tradesman at Everton, near Liverpool, discovered, to his great regret, that his wife, though formerly modest and temperate, had suddenly become a dram-drinker. Enraged at her depravity, he interrogated her so sternly, that she confessed she had been allured to the pernicious habit by sipping the Balm of Gilead and other nostrums. She then produced the empty bottles which had contained these intoxicating cordials, and told her husband that three of her female neighbours had also been deluded into the same habit. The tradesman thereupon concerted a plan with the other injured husbands to chastise the Jew doctor. They decoyed him to Everton on the pretence of attending a patient, and meeting him on the way, disguised as devils, with cow-hide and horns, dragged him into a field, and compelled him to swallow a whole bottle of his own nostrum. The doctor invoked Moses and all the Prophets to deliver him from the demons; but they proceeded to toss him in a blanket, all the while filling the air with hisses and execrations. At length permitted to return home, he was so convinced of the supernatural character of the punishment inflicted upon him for his impositions, that he advertised his premises to be let or sold.

On one occasion the British Parliament, carried away by the public enthusiasm for a secret remedy called Stephen's Specific, which was believed to be infallible in cases of gravel and stone, voted five thousand pounds for its purchase. The composition of Mrs. Stephen's remedy was thereafter officially published in the London Gazette, but the mixture of ingredients was so unexpectedly absurd that the publication was fatal to its reputation. "It consisted of egg-shells and snail-shells, with the snails in them, all calcined, ash-keys, hips and haws, swine-cess, and various other vegetables, all burned to a cinder, with camomile flowers, fennel, and some other vegetables—these last not being burned in the same manner." Dr. Hartley, the metaphysician, nevertheless published an octavo volume in favour of Mrs. Stephen's alleged specific, adducing one hundred and fifty cases in proof of its efficiency, his own being amongst the number. Dr. Hartley, however, died of the disease for which he believed Mrs. Stephen's specific to be an infallible remedy, and of which he believed himself to be cured.

However much we may be disposed to smile at the simplicity of our ancestors in giving credence to the vendors of secret remedies, it must not be forgotten that a whole host of them flourish in our own day, and draw annually large sums from the pockets of the public. They seem naturally to divide themselves into two classes: one offering to the world an universal panacea for all diseases and all cases of disease; the other professing a speciality, or confining themselves to the treatment of special diseases.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu remarked that the English are, more than any other nation, infatuated by the prospect of universal medicine, and after noticing the constant succession of cures applicable for all cases and circumstances, she says, in 1748: "I find that tar-water has succeeded to Ward's drops, and it is possible some other form of quackery has by this time taken place of that." Although the nineteenth century has not the advantage of the Elixir of Life, or Bishop Berkeley's tar-water, or Perkins's tractors, still old age is guaranteed to all comers, through the efficacy of certain wonderful pills. By their agency longevity shall be the privilege of all who are wise enough to invest one shilling and three-halfpence from time to time. One advertiser, with a laudable aspiration after science, enunciates a humoral pathology, specially his own; and as, according to him, all diseases originate in the blood, so the blood is only to be purified by perseverance in swallowing the Nos. 1 and 2 varieties of pills, the combined and judicious administration of which will produce immunity from all bodily ailments. Another professor discards every fanciful hypothesis. He entrenches himself behind countless cases of cure, and assuring the world that "the student of Nature knows how simple are her ways," recommends his pills and ointment as positive remedies for all external and internal complaints, asserting that by them "disease is conquered and art triumphant."

But by far the most agreeable advertisement which meets the eye is "no more pills, or any other medicine," fifty thousand cures of all manner of diseases "without medicine, inconvenience, or expense," and effected solely by the use of some peculiar kind of food.

Rubbers and shampooers have frequently risen to considerable notoriety, and then as suddenly disappeared. The motto adopted by the practitioners of Kinesipathy (as they have been called), has usually been to rub and pinch the body after a peculiar fashion, supposed to be known only to themselves, and in this way an universal remedy was promised for all diseases, medical and surgical. The rubbing system has always possessed the advantage of being an *active* method of cure, in contradistinction to the *expectant* plan, which quietly waits for recovery by the efforts of Nature, interfering only to remove hindrances out of her way, or to aid her powers when insufficient. Most men and women when they are ill, prefer a form of treatment which has the appearance of activity and exertion, to any method which necessitates their quietly waiting. Medical men are well acquainted with this peculiar mental constitution in the majority of patients, and know from constant experience, that often when good nursing would do all that is required, medical treatment of some form *must* be adopted, simply to satisfy this craving for active help.

One of these Kinesipaths invented the amusing theory that "synovia" was the cause of all bodily ailments, and that the appropriate cure was his special kind of rubbing. Now, this "synovia," which is the harmless fluid lubricating the

joints, and which consists of albumen, oil, and water, was supposed to take an erratic journey into some neighbouring organ, where its presence was resented, and thus arose manifestations of disease. It is reported that a poor lady who had been stricken with dimness of vision, and who applied to this rubber for relief, was informed that the wicked synovia had taken up its quarters in the organ of vision, and must be driven out by skilful and oft-repeated rubbing. After submitting to this treatment for a prolonged period without benefit, an intelligent oculist was consulted, who, to the lady's astonishment, speedily restored her impaired sight by prescribing for dyspepsia. One ignorant Kinesipath was caught in the act of shampooing a poor man's back who had returned from India much emaciated, with the avowed purpose of rubbing down the "knobs" on his back: the so-called "knobs" being the spines of the vertebra unusually prominent from general wasting.

The history was published, some few years ago, in the *Quarterly Review*, of a young man who, having been brought up as a journeyman cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of shampooing. He was wise enough to turn his accomplishment to account, and, having made one or two reputed cures, they were noised abroad, and caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art—that shampooing, performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. All forms of diseases were submitted to the same treatment; not alone patients with stiff joints or weakened limbs, which might have been benefited by the practice, but sufferers with diseases of the spine and hip-joint, of the lungs and liver, patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever. The greater the demand for the services of the practitioner, the larger became the fee necessary to ensure his best attention; and it is supposed, that for one or two years at least, his receipts were as much as 6000*l.* annually. Matters went on thus for three or four years, when the delusion ceased about as suddenly as it had leaped into vigour, and the shampooer found himself deprived of his vocation.

Of the irregular practitioners who devote themselves to special departments of practice, the "bone-setters" have always been a numerous fraternity. One or more is usually to be found in every manufacturing town, but their vocation flourishes more particularly in the mining districts. The inhabitants of those localities practically express their conviction that "bone-setting" is an art quite beyond the usual qualifications of an educated surgeon. Attendance on lectures, and walking hospitals, may qualify a medical man for performing an amputation or curing a colic, but the art of mending broken limbs is not so learned, and a man whose ancestors have been bone-setters and blacksmiths, or bone-setters and curriers, for several generations, is far more to be depended upon.

Among the specialists, the so-called "cancer

curers" have, perhaps, of all others, been the most notorious. The formidable nature of cancer, its comparative frequency in both sexes, and the belief that it is incurable by known methods of treatment, have been among the reasons why this class of empirics should attract a large share of public attention. Added to these is the natural dread of the surgeon's knife, and the bold assertions of the pretender that he possesses the secret, as yet unrevealed to the world, by which recovery may be effected painlessly and certainly without having recourse to the dreaded operation. On the part of the public, the love of novelty, the benevolent wish to further anything which promises so great a boon as the relief of pain or the saving of life, leads indirectly to the countenancing of the empiric and to the furthering of his selfish ends. A certain proportion of supposed cures are effected by the removal of benign tumours which ought never to have been mistaken for cancer, or by the destruction of the surface of a genuine cancer and the temporary healing of the skin. Mr. Spencer Wells, in a little work on Cancer Cures and Cancer Curers, has shown that their remedies mainly consist of compounds of mercury, arsenic, or zinc, disguised by admixture with some other ingredients, and that the pain caused by these caustics is tenfold more severe and more protracted than the pain of excision by the knife. Not one of these pretenders whose secret has transpired, or who has had a fair trial under competent supervision, has contributed anything to the advantage of sufferers from cancer; not one has suggested anything new, while the mischief they have done has been incalculable. In the beginning of the last century a person named Plunkett practised as a cancer curer in London. He had no knowledge of surgery in general, and, of course, must have been guided by intuition to his diagnosis. He prescribed from the traditional directions of his namesake, formerly an empiric in Ireland, who left the receipt for his medicine, with directions for its use, to Steeven's Hospital. Plunkett's nostrum was a form of caustic which professed not only to destroy the tumour, but to penetrate like a separate intelligence into every direction where the marked tissue was deposited and to uproot it utterly. The notion of cancer possessing roots has probably arisen from the supposed resemblance it has to a crab holding its prey: though truly the existence of the so-called roots is an entire misapprehension. Plunkett's secret was purchased by Richard Grey in 1754, and kept secret by him until a controversy took place about it, in which Gataker, one of the surgeons to the king, took an active part. Its owner then published the secret in Lloyd's Evening Post, for March 5th, 1760, as follows: "Crow's-foot, which grows on low ground, one handful; dog-fennel, three sprigs, the two to be well pounded; crude brimstone, three thimblefuls; white arsenic, the same quantity. All incorporated well in a mortar, then made into small balls the size of

nutmegs and dried in the sun." It is curious to observe that this receipt is really a type of most of the nostrums which have been highly vaunted in recent times for the cure of the same disorder. Yet even Plunkett had no claim to originality, for the exhaustive effects of arsenic, which was the active ingredient in this nostrum, was well known to the Greek and Roman physicians, and had been used for centuries in the removal of cancerous diseases. Mr. Justamond, who was surgeon to the Westminster Hospital at the time, gave a full and fair trial to Plunkett's and Grey's caustics, and came to the conclusion that the advantages gained did not compensate for the risk incurred. Lord Bolingbroke was killed by a man who pretended to cure him of cancer in the face, and the remedy employed was Plunkett's paste. Similar fatal results have followed the use of other quack nostrums used for the same purpose. Not long ago a German empiric agreed to come to this country from somewhere on the Rhine, to heal a lady affected with cancer. The fee was to be three hundred guineas. The quack's first application was made on the Monday, and on Tuesday it had destroyed the coats of a large artery, and the patient bled to death in a few minutes. In another case, a physician was called to see a lady who was said to have fainted. On his arrival, he found a cancer curer in attendance, totally unconscious of the true position of affairs; he had only just assured the husband, indeed, that the wife was going on well, and would soon be cured. The patient was dead!

Within the last few weeks the most unscrupulous, perhaps, of all the cancer curers has been arraigned before the Tribunal of Correctional Police in France, and punished by imprisonment and fine. A native of Surinam, named Vriès, assumed the name of the "Docteur Noir," and pretending that he had a diploma from the faculty at Leyden, established himself in Paris as a cancer curer and universal medical genius. He gave out that he had discovered in the tropical regions an infallible antidote which he called the "quinquina of cancer," and also other specifics for divers diseases. Prospectuses were profusely distributed, announcing that the "black doctor" had received supernatural relations confirmatory of the value of his treatment, and numbers of poor sufferers were induced to apply. Immense sums were exacted previous to the treatment being commenced, and, however far the disease had progressed, the patients were invariably assured that cure was certain. An ample trial was afforded to the remedies in the hospital La Charité, the treatment there being conducted by the black doctor himself, and after the most deliberate investigation, the scheme was pronounced on all hands a failure.

At his trial for swindling, it appeared that, in 1834, he had left his country, and had visited Holland, America, and England, to introduce foreign medicines. In England he had endeavoured to set up a new religion, had preached against the idolatry of Rome, and had proclaimed that he feared neither the poniards of the Jesuits, nor the thunders of the Vatican.

He stated that in London his system of medicine had not succeeded, because there, as in Paris, he had been unfairly treated, and the result was the loss of an enormous sum of money.

"You came to Paris in 1853," said the president of the court. "What did you come for?"

"To introduce foreign medicine, and to propose means of replacing steam in locomotives."

"You are, then, a universal genius!"

"Every physician is a chemist."

"Pray who made you a physician?"

"I, myself, sir," answered the accused.

"But you represented that you were a physician of the University of Leyden."

"Hippocrates had no diploma; and if the Lord himself were to return to earth to cure men, the Faculty of Medicine would prosecute him!"

It was proved by MM. Velpeau and Fauvel, surgeons to the Hôpital de la Charité, that seventeen persons afflicted with cancer were placed in his hands, and he undertook to cure them in six months, but at the end of two months seven were dead, and at the time of the trial, *all* were dead, except two, and those two dying!

No one objects to a man dosing himself in any way he pleases, provided he does not commit actual suicide. With some men, the taking of medicine seems a form of monomania. Bishop Berkeley drank a butt of tar-water; and a person named Samuel Jessop, who died at the age of sixty-five, in 1817, had such an inordinate craving for physic, that in twenty-one years he took no less than two hundred and twenty-six thousand nine hundred and thirty-four pills, besides forty thousand bottles of mixture; and, in the year 1814, when his appetite increased, his consumption of pills was fifty-one thousand five hundred and ninety! Dr. David Hartley, before mentioned, not content with Joanna Stephen's specific, had during his life eaten *two hundred pounds weight* of soap, as a medicine.

Brandy and salt, Morison's pills, Holloway's ointment, hydropathy, and homœopathy, all have a place successively in the affections of those given to quackery, and it may safely be predicted that one form of quackery embraced, the rest are pretty sure to follow. Possessed with a constitutional mental obliquity, these persons turn a deaf ear to the teachings of experience, and are quite unable to perceive that if a remedy was a cure-all once, its virtues ought not to be superseded by every new nostrum puffed abroad, and that if they have found one nostrum at length useless, the lesson thus learned should have the effect of warning them from other and new deceptions.

In reviewing a long list of empirical pretenders, it is found that all pretend to possess some secret hitherto undiscovered, which is an infallible remedy for some single accident or disease, or which, properly applied, cures all the ills that flesh is heir to. Frequently the nostrum is an antiquated heirloom, or if the empiric is more refined and subtle in his charla-

tanry, spiritual manifestations and mesmerism assist in the "new gift of healing." Electricity and magnetism, too, those mysterious forces, the physical laws concerning which are little understood by the majority of persons, are made scapegoats. Perchance, the benefactor of his species gives himself out to be a retired physician or clergyman, whose sands of life are nearly run, and who, as an act of gratitude before departing this life, offers an invaluable prescription to his fellow-men for the trifling sum of a few postage-stamps. With the prescription, possibly, comes a recommendation to have it made up at some particular shop, which has no connexion with the advertiser. Every newspaper that will admit such advertisements can have them. Astonishing cures are thus paraded before the eyes of a world of news readers, and some weak-minded nobleman having been cozened into heading the list of recoveries, the fascination becomes irresistible. Educated medical men are precluded from advertising in this way altogether. A member of any college or hall, advertising his cures, would bring upon himself the general reprobation of his fellows, and would place him for ever beyond the pale of professional respect. This being the case, the very fact of advertising cures by any remedy, surrounds it with suspicion. Qualified medicine men equally repudiate all secret remedies. Whatever trouble or expense an investigation has cost, the results are open to the entire world, and their correctness is tested by thousands of other workers. Had Jenner kept to himself his preventive remedy for small-pox, what wealth might he have accumulated! Had Simpson kept secret the means of abrogating pain by chloroform, what immense pecuniary benefit would have accrued to himself! Generally, when any real discovery has been made, it has been considered a sufficient reward to have its utility recognised; the reward has come in reputation; and to the medical man reputation is wealth, as well as honour.

In this country no laws exist to guard the public against medical impositions. An act recently passed provides a register by which the public may distinguish between educated and uneducated practitioners, but it ought not to be difficult to find some ready method which, without suppressing free trade in medicine, might at least make it less easy for unscrupulous adventurers to drive a thriving trade in this department. Were even all patent medicines submitted to a board of censors competent to examine them, before the stamps were issued, the public might be preserved in some degree from decidedly injurious drugs.

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